

THE
FEMALE JESTER:

OR,

Wit for the Ladies.

CONTAINING EVERY

Comical Jest,
Smart Repartee,
Brilliant Bon - Mot,
Humorous Joke,
Sensible Pun,

Keen Epigram,
Diverting Tale,
Pleasant Fable,
Good Conundrum,
Strange Epitaph, &c.

THAT CAN BE FOUND

In any JEST-BOOK, ancient or modern, worthy of being read by
the *Woman of Delicacy*, or the *Man of Sense*.

TOGETHER WITH

Some few WITTICISMS never before Published.

THE WHOLE INTENDED AS

an effectual Cordial for Dullness and Low-Spirits;

TO

Dispel Vapours, prevent the Spleen, and give the Reader a
merry Heart and a cheerful Countenance.

Compiled by a LADY.

*Each Fair must sure approve a Plan,
That makes her laugh, as well as Man;
And where's the Male who dare revile
A Book which makes the Ladies smile!*

L O N D O N :

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P R E F A C E.

THAT a Woman neither known to the Public as a Writer or a Wit, should undertake a Performance of this Kind, may doubtless appear strange to many, and of course seem to require some Apology: Especially when it is considered that there are already extant so great a Number of Jest-Books, compiled by those *Lords of the Creation* who claim the Superiority of us weak Women in every Thing, that a Female who has nothing to boast, but a tolerable Education, somewhat improved, perhaps, by the Perusal of our most celebrated English Writers, will possibly be deemed arrogant in attempting to vie with them.

However, notwithstanding the Force of this Objection, (or, indeed, of any other which may be offered) I have, not without much Patience and Fatigue, both *attempted* and *completed* it. But whether I have *fallen short* of those who have gone before me, or whether I have *exceeded* them, the World must judge. And, indeed, it is more than probable, in different Hands, different Opinions will be formed. Those who think true Wit consists in profane Oaths, coarse Expressions, or indecent Allusions, not finding any Thing of that Sort, will probably deem this but a dull Collection; while such as admire an entertaining Anecdote, a brilliant Bon-Mot, a smart Repartee, or a sensible Pun, that promotes chearful Mirth without the Expence of a Blush, will hardly scruple to pronounce it—what the Foster-parent believes it to be, or she would never have bestowed so much Trouble in rearing it—the best Assemblage of Wit and Humour ever before published in any one Volume.

In this Collection, I have not by any Means confined myself to the Bon-Mots, Repartees, &c. of my own Sex; but, on the contrary, a very large Portion of Wit will be found totally at the *Expence*
of

P R E F A C E.

of we poor Females; sometimes, too, perhaps, at the Expence of Truth likewise: But I have not chose to suppress any Thing merely because it affected my own Sex.

Thus much respecting the *Matter*; of which, though I may seem to be warmer in the Praise than becomes me, the Reader will remember that *that* owes nothing more to me, than a Chaplet of the finest Flowers is indebted for the beautiful Tints which embellish it, to the Hands of whatever Person may have been at the Trouble of selecting them from a rude, uncultivated Garden.—Like such a Person, I have endeavoured to gather the choicest Flowers, but they certainly owe not their colouring to me.

Nor, though the Chaplet may appear well put together, shall I claim any great Degree of Merit from the *Männer*. I have taken no Pains in classing the different Kinds of Wit together; but have in general placed them indiscriminately, as they were at first selected. Neither have I made use, under Pretence of giving a great Number of *Originals*, (which, by the bye, are very scarce with me) of that common Art among our modern Jest-Book Writers, of attributing the Wit of our Forefathers to their would-be-witty Sons; where, by dexterously changing *Ben Johnson* to *Dr. Johnson*, and *Joe Miller* to *Sam Foote*, &c. &c. several very ingenious Modern Jest's have been served up to the Publick at a Price three Times as dear as they would have sold for in their original State.—In short, I have been very sparing in Alterations, though no necessary Correction has been wilfully neglected.

If the Public should encourage this first Literary Attempt, as much as the partial Collector thinks it merits, she may, perhaps, make a future Edition still more worthy their Acceptance.

T H E

F E M A L E J E S T E R ;

O R,

W I T F O R T H E L A D I E S .

A FEW weeks ago, as a gentleman in one of the coffee-houses east of Temple-Bar, was reading to a groupe of city politicians, the late famous speech of Lord Shelburne, in which his lordship expressed his opinion, "That our very women were able to beat back the French, if they should attempt an invasion of this country," a naval gentleman immediately jump'd up, and striking his fist against the table, cried, "Right, my boy! damme if I doubt it—and I hope to see the day that some of the Monsieurs shall receive a sound drubbing from a British ship *mann'd with women?*

MRS. GREEN, a most excellent comedian,
and a woman of great wit and pleasantry,
A had

had lodgings one summer at Chatham, wherein she suspected, even to a degree of detection, that the landlady stole her coals. She was at a loss how to reprove her, and to make excuse to quit her house; however, she sent for her up, and began to preface the business thus: "Alas, dear Madam, do you know that I am the most timid creature existing, and with the worst and weakest nerves in the world, and that nothing terrifies me so much as a ghost, and therefore I must leave your apartments, for I am certain they are haunted."—"Heavens!" exclaimed the woman, "Madam, what do you mean?"—"Why, I'll tell you, Madam; last night, between light and dark, I saw your ghost come out of my cellar with an apron full of my fine round coals."

IN a visit Queen Elizabeth made to the famous Lord Chancellor Bacon, at a small country-seat, which he had built for himself before his preferment; she asked him, How he came to make himself so small a house? "It is not I, Madam," answered he, "who have made my house too small for myself, but your Majesty, who have made me too big for my house."

A LADY of fashion sitting at supper with Sir Charles D——, and perceiving him totally absorbed in a reverie, took up a glass, and

and turning to a gentleman who sat next her, drank to all *absent* friends, and particularly to Sir Charles D——.

A CERTAIN wou'd-be-wit attempting to divert himself at the expence of the English Aristophanes, when at Stratford, Mr. Foote asked him abruptly where he came from. To which the other pertly replied, "From Essex."—"Ay," returned the actor, "pray who *drove* you hither."

A GENTLEWOMAN being addressed by a barker to an auctioneer, "Pray, Madam walk in; why don't you walk in, Madam? what are you afraid of?"—"Of being bit," replied the lady.

TOM CLARK, of St. John's, desired a fellow of the same college to lend him Bishop Burnet's History of the Reformation; the other told him he could not possibly spare it out of his chambers, but if he pleased, he might come there and read in it all day long. Some time after, the same gentleman sends to Tom, to borrow his bellows; Tom sent him word he could not possibly spare them out of his chamber, but he might come there and blow all day long if he would.

ONE Bambridge, a cobbling watchmaker, meeting Tompion one day in Moorfields, stopt him, and, taking him by the hand, said

he was heartily glad to see him. Tompion expressed his surprise, saying Bambridge had the advantage of him. "Why, Sir," said he, "don't you know me? You and I are the two most famous men in the trade."—"Indeed!" said Tompion, "may I crave your name?"—"Bambridge, Sir,"—"I never heard of it before, Sir; are you in the repeating, or the stop way?" rejoined Tompion. "Neither, Sir," resumed Bambridge: "yet I tell you, once more, we are the two most famous men of the trade—You for being the best, and I for being the worst watchmaker in the kingdom."

AN honest French dragoon, in the service of Lewis XIV. having caught a fellow in bed with his wife, after some words, told him, he would let him escape that time; but, if ever he found him there again, he would throw his *bat* out at the window. Notwithstanding this terrible threat, in a few days he caught the spark in the same place, and was as good as his word. Sensible of what he had done, he posted away to the place where he knew the King was to be; and throwing himself at his Majesty's feet, implored his pardon. The king asked what his offence was. He told him how he had been abus'd. "Well, well," said the king, laughing, "I very readily forgive you; considering your provocation, I think you was much
in

in the right to throw his *bat* out at the window,"—"Yes, and it please you, my leige, but his *head* was in it," said the dragoon. "Was it!" replied the king; "well, my word is pass'd."

THE Rev. Mr. Whiston, the famous astronomer, made a calculation, that the world would be at an end in eighteen years; and, some time after, being about to dispose of a little estate, he asked the buyer thirty years purchase; upon which, in great surprise, the gentleman demanded, With what face he could ask so much, when he well knew the world would be at an end in little more than half that time.

THE late Beau Nash being at York races, and having lost all his money, some of his companions agreed to equip him with fifty guineas, upon proviso that he would stand at the great door of the minster in a blanket, as the people were coming out of church. To this proposal he readily agreed; but the dean coming by, unfortunately knew him. "What," says the doctor, Mr. Nash in masquerade?"—"Only a Yorkshire penance, Mr. Dean, for keeping bad company," quoth Nash, "pointing to his companions."

LUCY COOPER being an evidence in a court of justice, and very severely cross-ex-

amined by the counsel for the opposite party, was for a short time at a stand to reply to a very uncommon question; but recovering herself, she set the court in a titter, by saying, "What has been my ruin, Sir, has been your making; I mean, impudence."

A GENTLEMAN having lent a guinea for two or three days, to a person whose promises he had not much faith in, was very much surpriz'd to find that he very punctually kept his word with him: the same gentleman being some time after desirous of borrowing a larger sum, "No," said the other, "you have *deceived* me once, and I am resolved you shall not do it a second time."

ONE meeting an acquaintance, says to him, with a kind of secret joy, "I'll tell you a piece of news, my friend; between you and I, my wife's with child."—"Between you and I," answered the other, "you are greatly mistaken, for I have not lain with your wife this twelvemonth."

A WELCHMAN bragging of his family, said, his father's effigy was set up in Westminster-abbey: being asked where-about, he replied, "In the same monument with Squire Thynne's; for he was his coachman."

AN Irish lawyer of the Temple, having occasion to go to dinner, left this direction in the key-hole: "Gone to the Elephant and Castle, where you shall find me; but if you can't read this, carry it to the stationer's, and he will read it for you."

A GOOD woman quarrelling with her husband for being somewhat too familiar with the servant-maid, charged him with many other facts of the like nature; which he knowing himself innocent of, said to her, "Indeed, wife, you will *lye* with any woman in the kingdom, that's your failing!"—"No, you rogue," replied the good woman, in a great rage, "it is you that will lie with any woman, and that's the reason I am in such a passion with you."

SOME soldiers, quartered in a country-town, meeting a farmer on the road, a little way out of town, in a dark night, robbed him of his great coat and money. The farmer went immediately to one of the captains of the regiment to make complaint. "Honest friend," says the captain, "when the soldiers robbed you, had you that coat on which you have now?"—"Yes, Sir," answered the poor man. "Why, then," replied the captain, "you may depend on it that they do not belong to my company, or they would not have left you that, nor even your shirt."

WHEN

WHEN Mrs. Woffington first acted Sir Harry Wildair, at Drury-lane playhouse, coming off the stage into the green-room, "I believe," said she, "that one half of the house take me to be a man:" To which Mr. Quin replied, "But the other half, I believe, *know* to the contrary."

A PUNSTER going along Holborn, when a great mob of spectators was gathered to see a malefactor pass to his execution at Tyburn, asked a genteel person, who was standing in the crowd, what was the name of the fellow going to be hanged? He answered, one Vowel. "Ah!" said the humourist, "Do you know which of them it is, Sir; for there are several of that name?"—"No," returned the other, "I do not."—"Well," said the wag, "this however is certain, and I am very glad of it, that it is neither *U* nor *I*."

THE celebrated Miss Chudleigh, complaining of the ill-nature of the town, said to Lord Chesterfield, That occasion had been taken, from a late illness of her's, to spread a report that she had been brought to-bed of *two* children. His lordship advis'd her to be easy under such circumstances; adding, that, for his part, he had long made it a rule not to believe more than *half* what the world said.

A CER-

A CERTAIN reverend drone in the country, as was his custom, preaching most exceedingly dull to a congregation not used to him, many of them slunk out of the church, one after another, before the sermon was ended. "Truly," said a gentleman present, "this learned doctor has made a very *moving* discourse."

COLONEL BOND, who had been one of King Charles the First's judges, died a day or two before Oliver, and it was strongly reported every where that Cromwell was dead. "No," said a gentleman, who knew better, "he has only given *Bond* to the Devil for his appearance."

WHEN Oliver first coined his money, an old cavalier looking upon one of the new pieces, read this inscription on one side, "God with us:" On the other, "The common-wealth of England."—"I see," said he, "God and the common-wealth are on different sides."

PURCEL, the famous punster, calling for some pipes in a tavern, complained they were too short. The drawer said they had no other, and those were but just come in. "Ay," said Daniel, "I see your master has not bought them *very long*."

THE

THE same gentleman being desired, one night, in company, to make a pun extempore: "Upon what subject," said Daniel. "The King," answered the other. "Oh, Sir," said he, "the King is no *subject*."

A CERTAIN fop was boasting in company, that he had every sense in perfection; "No, faith," said one who stood by, "there is one, I am sure, you are totally without, and that is *common sense*."

LORD C——, coming out of the House of Lords one day, and not seeing his servant, called out, "Where's my fellow?"—"Not in England, by G—d," said a gentleman who stood by.

IT being proved, on a trial at Guildhall, that a man's name was really *Inch*, who pretended it was *Linch*; "I see," said the judge, "the old proverb is verified in this man, who being allowed an *Inch*, has taken an *L*."

A VERY ignorant, but very foppish young fellow, going into a bookseller's shop with a relation, who went thither to buy something he wanted, seeing his cousin look into a particular book, and smile, asked him, What there was in that book that made him smile?

"Why,"

"Why," answered the other, "this book is dedicated to you, cousin Jack."—"Is it so?" said he, "pray let me see it, for I never knew before that I had such an honour done to me." Upon which, taking it into his hands, he found it to be Perkins's Catechism, *dedicated to all ignorant persons.*

ONE reading a witty preface before a dull book, said, He wondered how such a preface came to be match'd so preposterously to such a book. "In truth, Sir," said another, "I see no reason why they may not be match'd, for I'm sure they are not at all akin."

ONE of King James the First's chaplains preaching before the court at Whitehall, made use of the following quibbles in his discourse. Speaking of the depravity of the age, *Almost all houses*, he said, were made *ale houses*; that men made *matrimony* a matter of money; and placed their *Paradise* in a pair of dice: Was it so in the days of Noah? *Ah, no!*

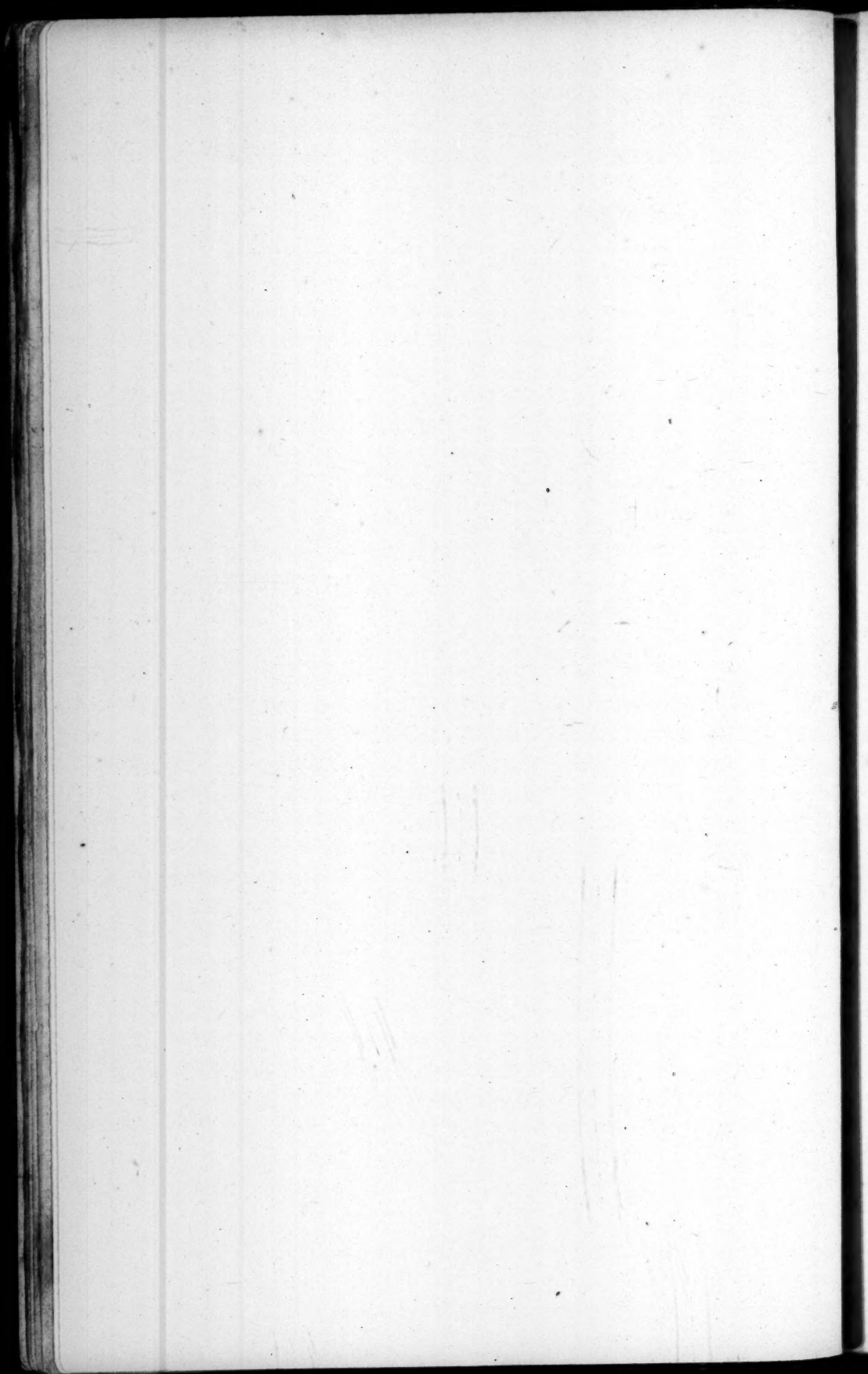
A COUNTRY attorney appearing in a cause at the assizes, some years ago, in very dirty linen, before a judge not remarkable for his integrity; Mr. Justice took occasion to reprimand him for such a contempt of the court: to which the attorney very briskly replied, That although his *shirt* was dirty, his *hands* were clean.

A PHILO-

A PHILOSOPHER being asked, how a wise man differed from a fool? He answered, "Send them both naked to a stranger, and you will see."

BASILIDES, Czar of Muscovy, a proud and cruel prince, had, as some historians relate, a nail driven into the head of an ambassador from a prince in Italy, who was covered in his presence. However, when Jerom Bose, the ambassador of Elizabeth, Queen of England, appeared before him, he boldly put on his hat, and withdrew, without making the least motion to take it off. The Czar asked him, If he was ignorant of the treatment another ambassador had received for a like temerity? "I well know it," answered the Englishman; "but I am the ambassador of a queen, who always keeps her head covered, and does not suffer with impunity an affront to be offered to any of her ministers." The Czar, generous enough to admire this boldness, cried out, turning to his courtiers, "There's a brave man, who dares to behave and speak nobly for the honour and interest of his sovereign! Which of you would do the same for me?"

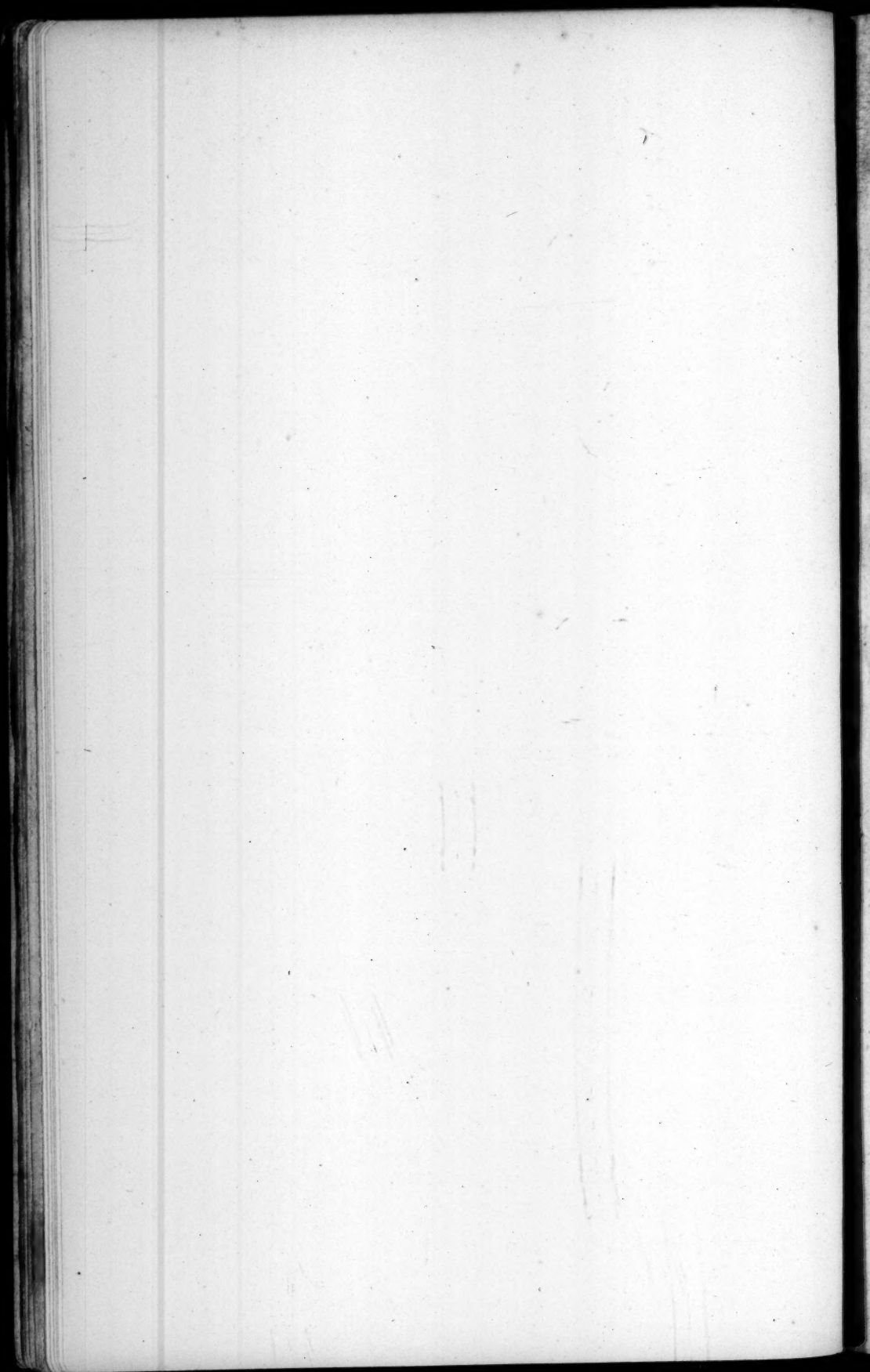
THE late Dr. Stukely, one day, by appointment, visiting Sir Isaac Newton, the servant told him he was in his study. No one was permitted to disturb him there; but
as











in either, he could not legally leave the country. "Then," replied her ladyship, ^{as your} lordship must certainly have been *smuggled*,"

WALLER, who had lavished the most extravagant praises upon Oliver Cromwell, after the restoration, wrote a congratulatory poem on that event, which he inscribed to Charles II. and with which he was introduced to that Prince. The King having read the poem, said to Waller, "These lines are extremely good; but I think some of those you wrote to Oliver were still better."—"Oh, my liege," replied the bard, with an admirable presence of mind, "we poets always write better on fiction than on truth."

AN eminent Irish Counsellor, not more remarkable for the force of his arguments, and his knowledge of the law, than for the slovenliness of his appearance, and the brogue he affected in his pleadings, and who, by way of antiphrasis, was called *Peter the Fool*; was once engaged in a cause against Betsworth, a man the direct opposite to the former in garb and behaviour. After Betsworth had finished a very florid harangue, our hero rose, and addressing the Judge, "My Lord," says he, in the true Grecian accent, "my brother Betsworth has made a very fine speech, and he has got a very fine wig; and he thinks the outside of his head will have an effect upon the inside of your Lordship's; but, faith, he puts me

in mind of the Flying-horse at Temple-bar, (a noted tavern in Dublin) for he's always in motion, and yet never stirs out of his place."

THE same Counsellor having lost a cause, which had been tried before three Judges, one of whom was esteemed a very able Lawyer, and the other two but indifferent, some of the other Counsellors were very merry on the occasion: "Well, now," says he, "who the devil could help it, when there were an hundred Judges on the bench?"—"An hundred," said a stander-by; "there were but thirte."—"By Saint Patrick," replies he, "there was a figure of one, and two cyphers."

HENRY the Eighth of England, and Francis the First of France, were both Princes of a very warm temper; and the former having a design of sending an angry message to the latter, pitched on Sir Thomas More, his Chancellor, for the messenger. Sir Thomas having received his instructions, told Henry, that he feared, if he carried such a message to so violent a man as Francis, it might cost him his head. "Never fear, man," said the King; "if Francis was to cut off your head, I would make every Frenchman now in my power a head shorter."—"I am much obliged to your Majesty," replies the facetious Chancellor; "but I much doubt, if any of their heads would fit my shoulders."

A GENTLEMAN supping at an inn, in a little borough-town, when the cloth was taken away, the landlord enquired how he liked his fare. "Extremely well," said the gentleman; "I have supped as well as any man in the kingdom."—"Except Mr. Mayor," replied the landlord. "I except no body," said the gentleman. "You must," says the landlord: "I won't," says the gentleman. In short, their dispute grew so high, that the landlord, (who was a subaltern magistrate, but neither a Solon nor Lycurgus) took the gentleman before the mayor. The magistrate, whose understanding was in exact equilibrio with that of the landlord, gravely told the gentleman, That the custom of *excepting Mr. Mayor*, had obtained in that place time out of mind; that every one was oblig'd to conform to it; and that he fined him a shilling for refusing. "Very well," answered the gentleman; "there is the shilling: but may I be hanged, if that fellow who brought me here, is not the greatest fool in Christendom—except you, Mr. Mayor."

ALEXANDER the Great being arrived before the city of Lampfacus, which he was determined to destroy, to punish the rebellion of its inhabitants, Anaximenes, the historian, an intimate friend of Philip's, and for whom Alexander himself had a great esteem, came out to meet him. The king, suspecting his errand,

errand, before he could have time to speak, swore positively that he would not grant his request. "My lord," says Anaximenes, "I only came to desire you to destroy Lamp-sacus." This witty turn saved the place.

A DISPUTE having long subsisted in a gentleman's family between the maid and the coachman, about fetching the cream for breakfast, the gentleman one morning called them both before him, that he might hear what they had to say, and decide accordingly. The maid pleaded, "That the coachman was lounging about the kitchen the best part of the morning, yet he was so ill-natured, he would not fetch the cream for her; notwithstanding he saw she had so much to do, that she had not a moment to spare. The coachman alledged, It was none of his business. "Very well," said the master: "But, pray, what do you call your business?"—"To take care of the horses, and clean and drive the coach," replied Jehu. "You say right," answered the master; "and I do not expect you to do more than I hired you for: but this I insist on, that every morning, before breakfast, you get the coach ready, and drive the maid to the farmer's for milk: and I hope you will allow that to be part of your business."

A HUMOROUS fellow, a carpenter, being subpoenaed as a witness, on a trial for an assault;

fault; one of the counsel, who was very apt to brow-beat the witnesses, asked: "What distance he was from the parties when the assault happened." The carpenter answered, "Just four feet five inches and an half."—"How came you to be so very exact?" said the counsellor. "Because I expected some fool would ask me," answered the witness, and so I measured it."

St. Thomas Aquinas happening to enter the apartment of Pope Innocent IV. when he had a large sum of money before him, "See here," said the Pope, with a smile, "the time is over, when the church used to say, I have neither silver nor gold."—"True, holy father," replied the saint; "neither can she any longer say to the diseased and lame, Arise, take up thy bed, and walk."

A very distinguished Scotch nobleman, having voted against a favourite measure of Sir Robert Walpole's, that minister prevailed on George the Second to strip him of all his employments. The queen soon after meeting him in one of the anti-chambers, asked him, "What he would do, now he had so greatly displeased his majesty?"—"I'll tell you, Madam," says he; "I'll retire to Scotland, and live there upon the remains of that fortune which I have spent in support of his majesty's family."

AFTER the rebellion in the year 1715, M'Intosh, a man remarkable for his courage and attachment to the house of Stuart, was brought up to London, among other prisoners, with his legs chained under a horse's belly. As his name had been often repeated in the news-papers, the mob were frequently enquiring, "Which is M'Intosh?" He, who rode rather sulkily, with his head on the horse's neck, raising himself up, said to the people, "This is M'Intosh: and, de'el ha' my saul, gin they had been all M'Intoshes, ye wadna' ha' spiered which was he." "See here," said the Pope, "is the church when the time is over, when the church is over."

A TOTTING fellow was one night making his will over his bottle; "I will," says he, "give fifty pounds to five taverns, to drink to my memory, when I am dead; namely, ten pounds to the Salutation, for courtiers; ten pounds to the Castle, for soldiers; ten pounds to the Mitre, for parsons; ten pounds to the Horns, for citizens; and ten pounds to the Devil, for lawyers."

DANIEL Pureel, the famous punster, meeting with a friend on the 30th of January, being King Charles's martyrdom, they went to the Salutation Tavern on Holborn-Hill; where, finding the door shut, they knocked. One of the drawers peeping through a little wicket, asked what they would please to have. "Have!" says Daniel, "open your door,

door, and draw us a pint of wine." The drawer answered, his master would not allow of it, for it was a fast. "D——n your master," replied he, "for a precise coxcomb; is he not contented to fast himself, but he must make his door *fast* too?"

A NOBLE duke, who stammered so much that he was obliged to have a servant stand behind him to repeat what he said, asked a clergyman, at his table, by way of joke, If he knew what was the reason that Balaam's ass spoke. The clergyman not understanding him, the servant repeated what his Grace had said. To which the parson pleasantly answered, That Balaam stuttered, and his ass spoke for him.

A COUNTRYMAN sowing his field, and two smart fellows riding by, one of them called to him with an insolent air; "Well, honest countryman, it is your business to sow, but we reap the fruits of your labour." To which the farmer replied, "It is very likely you may, for truly I am sowing hemp."

AN honest country farmer, meeting the parson of the parish in a bye-lane, and not giving him the way so readily as he expected, the parson, with an erected crest, told him, he was better sed than taught. "Very true, indeed,

indeed, 'Sir,' replied the farmer, 'for you teach me, and I feed myself.'

A GENTLEMAN seeing an ugly woman of the town, said, "that whoever first made her a whore had been guilty of a double sin; first, in debauching her, and then leaving her to follow a trade, by which there was so little probability of her getting a livelihood."

A COURTIER being very sick, and over head and ears in debt, said to his confessor, "that the only petition he had to make to God was, that he would be pleased to lengthen out his life, till he might have paid his debts." The confessor thinking he really intended to pay them, answered, "That as his design was so very laudable, there was reason to hope God would indulge his prayer. 'Should God be so gracious,' said the sick man, (turning about to one of his old friends) 'as to hear me, I shall certainly live for ever.'"

A WOMAN saying to her husband, who was too fond of reading, "I would gladly be a book, that I might be the oftner with you."—"Be a book!" replied he, "with all my heart, provided you're an almanack; for I may then change you every year."

SOME gentlemen admiring the vivacity and perfections of mind of Picus of Mirandola, who

who then was not quite nine years of age: an old man said to them, in presence of this young prince, "When children discover so much genius in their tender years, they grow vastly stupid when arrived to a mature age." "If what you say be true," replied the young prince, "you yourself must have had an excellent genius in your early days."

SOME person observing to a man, that he would do well not to marry his son so soon; but rather stay till he had acquired more wisdom. "You mistake the thing," said he; "for, should my son grow wise, he will never marry at all."

TWO Ambassadors, from the republic of Venice, at the court of the Emperor Frederick, finding themselves contemned by his imperial majesty, because they were too young to have beards, told him, That had their republic imagined he would pay more regard to the beards, than to the wisdom of men, they would have deputed goats to him."

A LOOSE young woman, was going to be sent to the convent of the *penitent maidens*; when a lady opposed it; and being asked the reason why, she replied, "Because she is neither the one, nor the other."

METELLUS, whose mother had led a very loose life, in order to reproach Cicero with the

the meanness of his birth, cried, "Tell me who was thy father?"—"It would be much more difficult for thee," replied Cicero, "to inform me who was thine."

A PRINCE being praised for several virtues he was conscious he did not possess: "I'll do all I can," said he, "to prevent your telling an untruth."

A KING of France visiting the hotel of his steward, said, That 'twas a beautiful well-built pile: but that it had one defect, viz. that the kitchen was too small, and not answerable to the greatness and magnificence of the edifice. "Your majesty," said the steward, "should not be surprized at this; for I owe the greatness of my house to the smallness of my kitchen."

FRANCIS I. having established a new tax; some persons told him (as a crime of high-treason) that the people murmured greatly on that account, and spake disrespectfully of his person: when he, smiling, cried: "Let them speak; they ought to have some pleasure for their money."

THE coadjutor of Roan had examined two priests, who were come to him in order to be collated to livings; and not finding them qualified, he would not admit them. But the archbishop said, "Do receive them; 'twere

"twere better that the land should be filled by asses, than to lie fallow."

A YOUNG man, more remarkable for laziness than for any other quality, being sharply reprimanded by his preceptor for lying so late in bed; "What o'clock is it then?" said he. "How! what o'clock is it? Near twelve." — "Alas! my dear master! I am a wretch indeed, and unworthy of beholding the sun." Saying which, he again shut the curtains, and slept till the evening.

A GREEK and a Venetian disputed on the excellency of their respective nations. The Greek, to prove that his surpassed all the rest, said, "I was out of Greece that all the wise men and philosophers came." — "True," answered the Venetian, "for none are found there now."

KING Henry IV. seeing that his edicts, which forbid the wearing gold and silver on cloaths, were not observed more than five or six months, and that, after that time, his prohibitions were forgot; enacted the following, which was executed with all possible rigour. "We expressly forbid all our subjects, of what quality or condition soever, in all places and lands of our jurisdiction, to wear gold or silver on their cloaths, in any manner, or upon any pretence whatsoever, except *barlots*, or *thieves*, for whom we have not to much

much concern, as to do them the honour to turn our attention to their behaviour." Tho' a month was allowed from the date of the publication of this edict, in order to give people time to get other cloaths made up; yet no one presumed, even the very next day, to wear gold or silver, for fear of being thought privileged persons; and this edict was inviolably obeyed during the life of that monarch.

A LAME man, who was going to the army to serve among the foot, being asked, why he did not enlist in the cavalry; "The reason," replied he, "is, because I don't go to the field in order to run away."

A BRIDEGROOM, the first night he was in bed with his bride, said unto her, "When I solicited thy chastity, hadst thou then condescended, I would never have made thee my wife, for I did it only to try thee."—"Faith," said she, "I imagined as much; but I had been cozened that way three or four times before, and I was resolved to be fooled so no more."

A QUAKER asked a parson who he thought was the first quaker. "Balaam," answered the parson. "Balaam," says the quaker, "how dost thou make that out?"—"It is plainly so," says the parson, "because he was the first that ever gave his attention to hear an Ass hold forth."

AT a certain battle for the pope, a Spanish cardinal came in among the soldiers, and advised them not to spare their lives, but to exert their utmost courage for the good and welfare of his holiness; promising them a plenary remission of all their sins, and that those that died in the battle, should dine with the angels in Paradise. And having thus counselled them, he retired out of the battle; which a soldier perceiving, cried out, "Monsieur, why will you not stay and dine with us in Paradise?" To which the valiant cardinal replied, "My hour of eating is not yet come."

A BUCK walking along the street, met with an old decayed lady, with a gown that was by age worn thread-bare; the buck thinking to crack a jest with her, took up the hem of her gown, and kiss'd it; which she looking back, and taking notice of, asked him, what he meant by that. "Only," says he, "to honour old age." "Alas! Sir," replied she, "you might have kiss'd my backside, then, for that is forty years older."

DR. SOUTH, visiting a gentleman one morning, was asked to stay to dinner; which he accepting of, the gentleman stepped into the next room, and told his wife, and desir'd she'd provide something extraordinary. Hereupon she began to murmur and scold, and made a thousand words; till at length, her husband, provoked at her behaviour, protested,

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that

that if it was not for the stranger in the next room, he would kick her out of doors. Upon which, the doctor, who heard all that passed, immediately stepped out, crying, "I beg, Sir, you'll make no stranger of me."

TURPIN the highwayman stopped a gentleman upon Epping Forest, and robbed him of fifty pounds; upon which the gentleman told him, that his would be a good way of getting money, if there was no law against it. "God forbid, Sir, there should not," says the highwayman, "else there would be too many of the trade for an industrious man to live by it."

A NOTORIOUS thief being to be tried for his life, confessed the robbery he was charged with. The judge hereupon directed the jury to find him guilty, upon his own confession. The jury having laid their heads together, brought him in not guilty. The judge bid them consider of it again; but still they brought in their verdict not guilty. The judge asked them the reason: The foreman replied, "There is reason enough; for we all know him to be one of the greatest liars in the world."

A DYER, in a court of justice, being ordered to hold up his hand, which was all black; "Take off your glove, friend," said the Judge to him. "Put on your spectacles, my lord," answered the dyer.

A MAN

A MAN having bought a horse at a fair, when the bargain was struck, and the money laid down, asked the countryman whom he had bought it of, to tell him, now, honestly, what faults he knew in the horse. "Why, faith," says the bumkin, "I know of none but one."—"And what's that?" said the buyer. "He only wants a little memory," said the fellow. "What dost thou mean?" said t'other. "Why, hark'e, master," said the man, "I'm no sooner on the back of him, but down he comes; and though I bang him soundly for't, yet, ere he goes thirty yards, he forgets all, and down he comes again."

A CONSTABLE carried a big-bellied wench before a justice, and said, "An't please your worship, I have here brought you a maid with child." The wench called him fool and knave; she being reprov'd, said, he must needs be one of 'em; "for," said she, "if I am a maid, he is a fool to think I am with child, and if I am not with child, he is a knave for saying I am."

MR. Serjeant G—d—r, being lame of one leg, and pleading before the late judge Fortescue, who had little or no nose, the judge told him he was afraid he had but a lame cause of it. "Oh! my lord," said the serjeant, "have but a little patience, and I'll warrant I prove every thing as plain as the nose on your face."

AN Irishman passing through a country church-yard, said to his friend, "Well, cousin, if I live and do well, I'll be buried in this place."

A GENTLEMAN going to take water at Whitehall-stairs, cried out, as he came near the place, "Who can swim?"—"I master," said forty bawling mouths: when the gentleman observing one slinking away, called after him; but the fellow turning about, said, "Sir, I cannot swim;"—"Then you are my man," said the gentleman, "for you will at least take care of me, for your own sake."

A GENTLEMAN coming out of Tom's coffee-house, an impudent broken apothecary met him at the door, and accosted him with a request to lend him five guineas; "Sir," said the gentleman, "I am surprized that you should apply to me for such a favour, who do not know you!"—"Oh, dear Sir," replied the apothecary, "it is for that very reason; for those who do, won't lend me a farthing."

A PROUD parson, and his man, riding over a common, saw a shepherd tending his flock; and having a new coat on, the parson asked him, in a haughty tone, who gave him that coat. "The same," said the shepherd, "that cloathed you, the parish." The parson, nettled at this, rode on, murmuring, a little way, and then bid his man go back, and

and ask the shepherd if he'd come and live with him, for he wanted a fool. The man going accordingly to the shepherd, delivered his master's message; and concluded, as he was ordered, that his master wanted a fool. "Why, are you going away, then?" said the shepherd. "No," answered the other. "Then you may tell your master," replied the shepherd, "his living won't maintain three of us."

LORD Falkland, the author of the play called the marriage-night, was chosen very young to sit in parliament; and when he was first elected, some of the members opposed his admission, urging, That he had not sowed his wild oats. "Then," replied he, "it will be the best way to sow them in the house, where there are so many geese to pick them up."

A GENTLEMAN, whose wife complained a little of his manhood, consented that she should make choice of any one, so that it was but one, to do family duty in his stead. Accordingly she chose the coachman. But, by some accident, the reverend chaplain came to suspect the intrigue that was carrying on by his patron's lady, and was resolved to watch her waters. It was not long before he had an opportunity, by peeping through a key-hole, of being entirely confirmed in his suspicion; and being a very conscientious man, he thought

it his duty to acquaint her husband with it. He told him, he could not see him abused in so vile, so abominable a manner, without letting him know it. "Hush, hush, doctor," said the gentleman, "the thing is a secret; I give my coachman twenty pounds a year extraordinary for that very service."—"Gad take me," cried the conscientious parson, "why would you not speak to me? I would have done it for half the money, and have thanked you too."

A LADY's age happening to be questioned, she affirmed it was but forty, and called a gentleman who was in company, to deliver his opinion. "Cousin," says she, "do you believe I am right, when I say I am but forty?"—"I am sure, Madam," said he, "I ought not to dispute it; for I have constantly heard you say so for above these ten years."

A GENTLEMAN talking of his travels, a lady in company said she had been a great deal farther, and seen more countries than he. "Nay, then, Madam," replied the gentleman, "as travellers, we may *lie* together by authority."

KILLEGREW, the famous jester to King Charles II. being at the French court, some of the courtiers who knew him, told the king, that Killegrew was one of the wittiest men in England. Upon which the king desired

fired to see him; but Killegrew gave him so little satisfaction in the conversation he had with him, that he told his noblemen, he thought him a very dull fellow. They, however insisted, that he was a very witty ingenious man. Whereupon the king, resolving to make a farther trial of him, took him into a great gallery where there were abundance of fine paintings; among the rest, he shewed him the picture of Christ upon the cross; and asked him, if he knew who that was: But Killegrew made himself very ignorant, and answered, "No."—"Why," said the king, "that is the picture of our Saviour on the cross, and that on the right side is the Pope, and that on the left is my own." Whereupon Killegrew replied, "I humbly thank your majesty, for the information you have given me; for though I have often heard that our Saviour was crucified between two thieves, yet I never heard who they were before."

AN arch boy being at a table where there was a hot apple-pye, and putting a bit hastily into his mouth, he burnt it so, that the tears ran down his cheeks. A gentleman that sat by, asked him why he wept. "Only," said he, "because it is just come into my remembrance, that my poor grandmother died this day twelvemonth." "Pho!" says the other, "is that all?" so whipping a large piece into his mouth, he quickly sympathized with the boy; who, seeing his eyes brimful, with a malicious

malicious sneer asked him why he wept
 "A pox on you," said he, "because you
 were not hanged, you young dog, the same
 day your grandmother died."

AN Irish fortune-hunter at Bath, telling
 Dr. Smollet, that he had got an excellent
 phaeton on the new plan; "I am rather of
 opinion," says our celebrated author, "that
 you have got it on the old plan, for I suppose
 you never intend to pay for it."

A GENTLEMAN having a runlet of sack
 in his house, a friend of his coming to visit
 him, he invited him down into the cellar to
 taste his sack; "Where," said he, "for want
 of another cup, I have an excellent *Cain* to
 drink out of."---"No, I thank you, 'Sir,'" said
 the other, "for I know, then, I shall
 not be *Abel* to come up again."

Two or three gentlemen, one of whose
 names was Sampson, talking in the last war,
 of the coming of the Spanish fleets, says one
 of them, "What need we puzzle ourselves
 thus to raise up an army, when Sampson here
 is able to conquer them all?"---"True," said
 Sampson, "if I had one of thy jaw-bones,
 I should do miracles."

KILLEGREW one day, for a frolick, got
 upon a mountebank-stage, and personated a
 quack-doctor. While he was holding forth
 on

on the excellency of the medicines, a gentleman then present, offered him five guineas if he could cure his man of two things, viz. A short memory, and a lying tongue. Killigrew told him he would do it instantly, and went behind the curtain to prepare two bottles; one of which he bid him take directly, and the other for supper; but as soon as he had put it in his mouth, he roars out, "Zounds, doctor, this is a t—d!"—"There, now," says Killigrew, "did I not tell you I'd cure him for you? You see the first word he speaks is truth; and I'll warrant he'll never forget it as long as he lives."

THE bench of justices having denied licences to every publican who had John Wilkes, Esq; for his sign. A spirited person, who was a sufferer on this account, said in his own vindication on the above occasion, that he was no friend either to John Wilkes or his cause, and therefore had hung him up in effigy, to shew his real principles; but, if he had undesignedly given them any offence, he was ready to pull down John Wilkes, and hang up the whole bench in his stead.

LAST sessions an Irishman was tried at the Old Bailey, for stealing a bridle: the judge asked him if he had friends in court to appear to his character; to which he replied, "By J—s, my lord, I have none here, at present, but I'll run home and fetch some." Which expression

pression created a general laughter; and, as the affair seemed trivial, the jury brought the delinquent in not guilty.

A JUDGE upon the bench ask'd an old man what age he was. "I am eight and fourscore, my lord," says he. "And why not fourscore and eight?" says the Judge. "Because," says he, "I was eight before I was fourscore."

ONE Hog being to be tried before Judge Bacon, who told him he was his kinsman; "No Hog," says he, "can be Bacon till it is hanged, and when that is the case with you, I'll allow you to be my kinsman."

A YOUNG fellow fancy'd he sung extremely well, notwithstanding he had a very disagreeable voice; and having often observed a poor woman cry when she heard him sing, asked her, at last, the reason. "Truly, Sir," said she, "when through poverty I had sold all my goods, and had nothing left but a poor ass, at last I lost my ass; and I never hear you sing, but you put me in mind of it."

A SCHOLAR of Dr. Busby's, coming into a parlour where the doctor had laid down a fine bunch of grapes for his own eating, takes it up, and says aloud, "I publish the banns between these grapes and my mouth; if any one knows any just cause or impediment why these

these two should not be joined together, let them declare it." The doctor being in the next room, over-heard all that was said; and coming into the school, he ordered the boy who had eaten his grapes to be taken up, or (as they call it) hors'd, on another boy's back; but, before he proceeded to the usual discipline, he cried aloud, as the delinquent had done, "I publish the banns between my rod and this boy's breech; if any one knows any just cause or impediment why these two should not be joined together, let him declare it."—"I forbid the banns," cried the boy. "Why so?" said the Doctor. "Because the parties are not agreed," replied the boy. This answer so well pleased the Doctor, who loved to find any readiness of wit in his scholars, that he ordered the boy to be immediately set down.

Two gentlemen, the one named Woodcock, the other Fuller, walking together, happened to see an owl; the latter, thinking to pass a joke upon his companion, cries, "There goes a *Woodcock*."—"You must certainly be wrong," replies the other, "for it is *Fuller* in the head, *Fuller* in the eyes, *Fuller* in the tail, and *Fuller* all over."

A TRIAL for lands being pleaded before a chancellor, the counsel on both sides set forth their limitations in question by the plat: and

one counsel pleaded, " My lord, we lie on this side;" and the other said, " My lord, we lie on this side."—"Nay," says the chancellor, " if you lye on both sides, I'll believe neither of you."

SHORTLY after the riot at Brentford, the son of a person of quality (not then more than nine years of age) being asked in public company, if he understood the meaning of Liberty being always represented with a cap, humorously answered, " Yes, very well; it is to defend her poor head from the strokes of the bludgeons."

Dr. KING, late Archbishop of Dublin, having invited several persons of distinction to dine with him, had, amongst a great variety of dishes, a fine leg of mutton and capersauce; but the Doctor, who was not fond of butter, and remarkable for preferring a trencher to a plate, had some of the abovementioned pickles reserved dry for his use; which, as he was mincing, he called aloud to the company to observe him:—"I here present you, my lords and gentlemen," said he, "with a sight that may henceforward serve you to talk of as something curious, viz. That you saw an Archbishop of Dublin, at fourscore and seven years of age, *cut capers upon a trencher.*"

. MARSHAL

MARSHAL TURENNE happened, one hot day, to be looking out at the window of his anti-chamber, in a white waistcoat and night-cap. A servant entering the room, deceived by his dress, mistakes him for one of the under-cooks: He comes softly behind him, and with a hand that was not one of the lightest, gives him a violent slap on the breech. The marshal instantly turns about, and the fellow frightened out of his wits, beholds the face of his master; down he drops upon his knees, "Oh! my lord! I thought it was George." "And suppose it had been George," replied the Marshal, rubbing his backside, "you ought not to have struck quite so hard."

AN Irish gentleman coming to England with an intent to stay a considerable time, thought it necessary to take a lodging; for which purpose he requested the master of the Blossom's Inn, in Lawrence Lane, to look for a lodging for him. After some little enquiry, he found an apartment in St. Paul's Church-yard, which he thought would perfectly suit him. He returned to his Hibernian guest, and informed him that he had succeeded in his endeavours, having seen a lodging that would certainly please him. The honest paddy desired to know where it was.—"In St. Paul's Church-yard," replied the other. "Pshaw!" resumed Mr. Teague, "what a pretty messenger you are to send of an er-

rand! Did you ever hear of a man's going to *live* in a church-yard *till after he was dead!*"

ONE evening, a gentleman very much in liquor, was leaning against a post in Cheap-side; a fellow coming by at the same time, seeing he was in such a situation that he could not pursue him, snatched his hat off his head, and ran away with it: another of the same fraternity, at a little distance, saw what had happened, and told the gentleman a man had stole his hat, and run away with it, and asked him why he did not run after him. "I am so devilish drunk," says he, "that I can hardly stand, and therefore I cannot run after him."—"If that's the case," said the other, "I may safely venture to steal your wig;" which he immediately took from the gentleman's head, got clear off, and left the old toper bare-headed, hugging the post, and lamenting the loss of his hat and wig.

DRYDEN's translation of Virgil being commended by a Right Reverend Bishop, a witty Earl said, "The original is indeed excellent, but every thing suffers by a *translation*, except a bishop."

ON a witty lady's being informed that lady Grosvenor had been discovered in an affair with the Duke of Cumberland, the person observing

observing to her, that her ladyship had some years ago been talked of with the Duke of York, and that it proved her a most disloyal wife. "True," replied the lady, "but you must allow it proves her a very loyal subject, by shewing her steady attachment to the royal family."

WHEN Lieutenant Obrien (who was afterwards called Sky-rocket Jack) was blown up at Spithead, in the Edgar, he was saved on the carriage of a gun; and when brought to the Admiral, all black and wet, he said, with great pleasantry, "I hope, Sir, you will excuse my dirty appearance, for I came out of the ship in so great a hurry, that I had not time to shift myself."

WHEN General Prescott was stolen from his bed, lulled in the arms of a provincial beauty, who with a patriotic spirit had exerted her arts and charms to seduce the soldier, and betray him; after the general was brought to the boat, the serjeant took the blanket from his back, and gave him his clothes, which, when the General had put on, he exclaimed, "But, Serjeant, where is my watch?" To which the Serjeant sarcastically replied, "I believe, General, you kept no watch."

A DAY or two after General Burgoyne arrived from his late unfortunate expedition,

a large party being at dinner, the conversation turned upon the propriety or impropriety of his taking his seat in parliament, previous to the court of enquiry; "Poh, poh," says a little gentleman of the party, remarkable for the occasional dryness of his observations, "independent of his borough here, he has a right to take his seat in the house."—"How will you make that out?" said one of the company? "Because," replied the other, "he's *return'd* by America."

IN the early part of life, the late Sir Alexander Grant practised physic in the West Indies. As he was rather proud, Mr. Foote, in order to mortify him, accosted him one day by the title of *Dr. Grant*, after he had assumed that of *baronet*. When Sir Alexander found there was no end of "How do you do, *Dr. Grant*?" He replied warmly, "Sir, I am *no doctor*."—"No, faith," said the other, "nor ever were."

A GENTLEMAN of Gloucestershire, some time ago, had a wife not of the most agreeable humour in the world; however, as an indulgent husband, he had bought her a fine pad, which soon after gave her a fall that broke her neck. Another gentleman in the same neighbourhood, blessed likewise with a termagant spouse, asked the widower if he would sell his wife's pad, for he had a great fancy for

for it, and would give him what he would have for it. "No," said the other, "I don't care to sell it, for I am not sure that I shan't marry again."

A FEW hours before the Earl of Chesterfield died, they repeated to him a quarrel which had been between Miss Pelham and Mrs. Fitzroy, in regard to the reputation of Mr. Frere, late master of the thatched-house in St. James's-street; and words rising very high, Mrs. Fitzroy gave Miss Pelham a slap upon the cheek. "Ay," says his lordship, "I am not surprised at that; I always thought Mrs. Fitzroy was a *striking* beauty."

A LADY observing, in the hearing of Mr. Foote, that his Majesty had round shoulders; "No wonder, Madam," quoth the humourist; "his Majesty, you know, has the burden of three kingdoms on them."

A GENTLEMAN just married, telling Mr. Foote he had that morning laid out three thousand pounds in jewels for his dear wife. "Faith, Sir," says the wit, "I see you are no hypocrite, for she is truly your *dear* wife."

A BAKER being lately charged with making his bread light of weight, said, "Corn is so dear, that it is impossible to do otherwise, and get an *honest* living by it."

AT

AT the close of that season in which Shuter first became so universally and so deservedly celebrated, for performing the character of Master Stephen, in the revived comedy of Every Man in his Humour, he was engaged to perform a few nights in a principal city in the north of England. It happened, that the stage in which he went down (and in which was only an old gentleman and himself) was stopped on the other side Finchley Common, by a single highwayman; who having put the usual compliments to the old gentleman, and received his contribution, turned towards Shuter, (who sat on the other side of the coach asleep, or at least pretending to be so) and saluting him with a smart slap on the face, presented his pistol, and commanded him to deliver his money instantly, or he was a dead man. "Money," returns the droll, with a shrug, a very deliberate yawn, and a countenance inexpressibly vacant, "O Lud, Sir, they never trusts me with any; for nuncle here, always pays for me, twinpikes an' all, your honour." The highwayman gave him a few curses for his stupidity, and rode off; while the old gentleman grumbled, and Shuter, with infinite satisfaction and laugh, pursued the rest of his journey.

A RAGGED fellow boasting of the antiquity of his family, and what arms they bore; "Very likely," said Foote, who happened to be

be present, "you may have a coat-of-arms, but I see you have hardly got arms to your coat."

A YOUNG rake meeting an old bare-footed friar one day, said scornfully, "Ah, father, if after all your mortifying the flesh, there should be neither heaven nor hell hereafter, what a great fool you'll be." "Ah! son, son," says the priest, "if after all your wickedness, there *should* be a heaven and hell hereafter, who will be the greatest fool then, you or I?"

A TAYLOR, having made a suit of clothes for one of his customers, was carrying it home, when he saw a funeral pass by, attended in the procession by an apothecary whom he knew; "So, master," says he to the apothecary, "I see you are going *to carry your work home*, as well as I."

WHEN Quin was one day lamenting his growing old, a pert young fellow asked him what he would now give to be as young as he. "I would be content," cried Quin, "to be almost as foolish."

A PERSON taking some company with him into a pastry-cook's shop, to treat them with a particular pye, enquired of the master if he did not keep all sorts of pies; "Yes, Sir," replies the cook, with a high glee, "and the best
best

best in England.”—“ Well, then,” says the wag, “ let us have a couple of your *magpies*.”

Two, who had not seen one another for a great while, meeting by chance, one asked the other how he did. He replied, he was not very well, and was married since he saw him. “ That’s good news indeed,” says he. “ Nay, not such good news neither,” replies the other, “ for I have married a shrew.” —“ That’s bad,” said the other. “ Not so bad neither,” said he, “ for I had two thousand pounds with her.”—“ That’s well again,” said the other. “ Not so well neither, for I laid it out in sheep, and they died of the rot.”—“ That was hard indeed,” says his friend. “ Not so hard neither,” says he, “ for I sold the skins for more money than the sheep cost.”—“ That made you amends,” says the other. “ No, not so much amends neither,” said he, “ for I laid out my money in a house, and it was burnt.” —“ That was a great loss indeed.”—“ Nay, not so great a loss neither, for my wife was burnt in it.”

Two Irishmen, upon their passage from Dublin to Park-gate, laid a trifling wager which of the two should first set their feet upon English ground. When the ship was almost arrived at the port, some boats came out

out to meet them, in which the two paddies immediately got; and when they were almost arrived at the shore, one of them, in order to win his wager, jumped plump into the sea, and was up to the chin in water, where he thought it would not have been above up to his knees. "If this be England," said Teague, "the devil burn me if I like it at all; for a man no sooner sets his foot upon *dry land*, but he is up to his neck in *water*."

A PERSON in company with a ceremonious acquaintance of his, said, "Ceremony was the worst company that ever was coin'd and circulated." The other replied, "But you must allow it to be current."—"True," resumed the first, "but it is not sterling."

DEAN SWIFT having preached an assize sermon in Ireland, was afterwards invited to dine with the judges; and having in his discourse considered the use and abuse of the law, he had bore a little hard upon those counsellors who plead causes which they know in their consciences to be wrong; when dinner was over and the glass began to go round, a young barrister, who happened to be present, took occasion to retort upon the dean, and after many altercations on both sides, the counsellor at last asked him, If the devil were to die, whether a parson might not be found, for money, to preach his funeral-sermon?

sermon? "Yes," said Swift, "and I would gladly be the man; for I would then give the devil his due, as I have this day done his children."

A GENTLEMAN passing over a causeway in the country, which parted two waters, and was not rail'd on either side to secure passengers falling, in case of their foot slipping, says to a countryman whom he overtook, "Methinks this narrow causeway must be very dangerous, honest friend: Pray, are not people lost here, sometimes?"—"Lost!" answered the fellow, "I never knew any body *lost* here in my life; there have, indeed, been several *drowned*, but they are always found again."

ONE seeing the King's rat-catcher, asked, what his office was? Another told him, 'twas to kill all the vermin about the court, for which he had a salary of fifty pounds a year, "Fifty," answered he, "why he deserves fifty thousand, to kill all the vermin there."

AN ambassador from England, on being presented to his Spanish Majesty, was told to do some particular homage, which, as being rather inconsistent with the instructions of his master, and too humiliating for the character he bore, he begged leave to decline. The King was so offended at this imaginary insult, that,

that, with the view of putting him out of countenance, he cried aloud to the courtiers around him, "What! has my good brother of England no other men in his court, that he has sent me a fool to represent him?"—"O yes, may it please your Majesty," replied our countryman, "my master has many men about him far wiser than me; but he always makes it a rule to suit every ambassador to the King with whom he is about to reside."

AN old woman, being sick, began to have some thoughts of death; and called to her grandson, a lad about fourteen, to pray by her. The boy brings the hornbook, and kneeled down by her side, beginning, "*Great a, little a,*" then cried out, "I can't tell the other letter." The old woman said, "What, out already, love!"—"Oh," says he, "now I have it, *b*, granny," cried the boy.—"That's a dear soul," says she; "what a comfort it is to have a grandson that's a scholar, to pray by one when one's sick."

A QUAKER enquiring after the health of a certain lord, was told, That he was excessively afflicted with the gravel, "I'm glad of it," says the quaker. "How," said the other, "glad that my lord is troubled with the gravel!"—"I tell you, friend, I am glad," says the quaker, "extremely glad; F because

because I hope, if he's so much *gravelled*, he'll endeavour to *mend his ways* a little."

A GENTLEMAN being at dinner at a friend's house, the first thing that came upon the table was a dish of whittings ; and one being upon his plate, he found it stink so much, that he could not eat a bit of it ; so he laid his mouth down to the fish, as if he was whispering to it, and then took up the plate, and put it to his ear. The gentleman at whose table he was, enquiring into the meaning, he told him, That he had a brother lost at sea about a fortnight ago, and he was asking that fish if he knew any thing of him. "And what answer made he?" said the gentleman. "He told me," replied the other, "that he could give no account of him, for he had not been at sea those three weeks."

THREE or four roguish scholars walking out one day from the university of Oxford, espy'd a poor fellow near Abingdon, asleep in a ditch, with an ass by him laden with earthen ware, holding the bridle in his hand ; says one of the scholars to the rest, "If you will assist me, I'll help you to a little money, for you know we are bare at present." No doubt of it they were not long consenting : "Why then," said he, "we'll go and sell this old fellow's ass at Abingdon ; for you know

know the fair is to-morrow, and we shall meet with chapmen enough: therefore do you take the panniers off and put them upon my back, and that bridle over my head, and then lead the ass to market, and let me alone with the old man." This being done accordingly, in a little time after the poor man waking, was strangely surprized to see his ass thus metamorphosed: "Oh! for God's sake," said the scholar, "take this bridle out of my mouth, and this load from my back."—"Zoons, how came you here?" replied the old man. "Why," said he, "my father, who is a necromancer, upon an idle thing I did to disoblige him, transformed me into an ass; but now his heart has relented, and I am come to my own shape again. I beg you will let me go home and thank him." "By all means," said the crockery merchant, "I do not desire to have any thing to do with conjuration;" and so set the scholar at liberty, who went directly to his comrades, that by this time were making merry with the money they had sold the ass for. But the old fellow was forced to go the next day to seek for a new one in the fair, and after having looked on several, his own was shewn him for a very good one: "Oh! oh!" said he, "what! have he and his father quarrelled again already? No, no, I'll have nothing to say to him."

A WORTHY old gentleman in the country having employed an attorney, of whom he had a pretty good opinion, to do some law business for him in London, he was greatly surpriz'd, on his coming to town, and demanding his bill of law charges, to find that it amounted to at least three times the sum he expected. The honest attorney assur'd him, that there was no article in his bill, but what was fair and reasonable: "Nay," said the country gentleman, "there's one of them I am sure cannot be so, for you have set down three shillings and four-pence for going to Southwark, when none of my business lay that way; pray what is the meaning of that, Sir?"—"Oh, Sir," said he, "that was for fetching the chine and turkey from the carrier's, that you sent me for a present out of the country."

A SAUCY rattling blade having been once a little kick'd for his impertinence, demanded of his benefactor, with a bluff face, whether he was in *earnest*, or not? "Yes," said the other, "in very good earnest," laying his hand upon his sword. "Say you so," replied he, "I am glad of that with all my heart, for I don't like such *jest*s."

A CLOWNISH country squire going one day to visit a young lady to whom he paid his addresses, he happened to have a little greyhound

hound bitch with him; which being a handsome creature of the kind, the lady admired it, saying, "Dear me, what a pretty dog this is!"—"You are mistaken," answered the bumpkin, "it is not a *dog*, but one of *your own sex*, Miss."

A GENTLEMAN, the first time of his coming to Bath, was very extravagantly charged for every thing by the persons in whose house he lodged, as well as by others whom he had occasion to deal with; of which, some time after, complaining to Beau Nash; "Sir," replied the latter, "they have acted towards you on truly Christian principles!"—"How so?" says the gentleman. "Why," returned Nash, "you was a stranger, and they *took you in*."

BEAU NASH once complimenting a lady, told her among other things, that he should like to pass his days with her. To which the lady replied, "You are an agreeable companion, Mr. Nash, and I might, perhaps, like to pass my *days* with you, but for my *nights*, I would rather beg to be excused."

A GENTLEMAN of Ireland, being at Bath for the recovery of his health, Mr. Nash contracted an intimacy with him, and they used frequently to visit each other *sans ceremonie*.

One winter's morning, Mr. Nash went into the gentleman's chamber before he was up; when finding the window-shutters open, and bed-curtains not drawn, "I think, Sir," says Nash, "you lie very airy, with your shutters and windows open; one would think it was summer by you." To which the gentleman (who was very apt to make little blunders) replied, "Indeed, Mr. Nash, it is not for the sake of the air that I leave them open, but only I like to see *day-light* when I chance to wake in the *night*."

BEN JOHNSON coming down stairs in a tavern, his foot slipped, and accidentally beat against a door, which flew open, where some gentlemen were drinking; to whom he said, "I did not intend to have intruded myself, but being so accidentally *fallen* into your company, I am resolved to drink with you before I go." One of the gentlemen, who knew him, replied, "Since by your *fall* we enjoy your company, give me leave to *rise* and bid you welcome."

THE Earl of Rochester having supped at a friend's house in the city of London, and stayed late, called a hackney-coach at Temple-Bar, and bid the man drive to Berkley-Square, where he then lodged; the coachman, vexed at so long a fare so late at night, grumbled very much; and as he was mounting
ing

ing the box, swore that he would be glad to drive him to hell. When they arrived at the house, Rochester called the fellow into the parlour, and told him of the wicked expression he had heard from his mouth, and asked him, what he meant by it? The fellow replied, he was somewhat provoked at being to go so far at that time of night, and craved his pardon. "But," says Rochester, "do you consider, you silly rascal, that if it were possible for you to drive me to hell, you must go in first yourself?"—"No, no, master," answered the coachman, "I could have provided against that well enough."—"How can that be?" says the peer. When the coachman replied, "Why, to tell you the truth, I would have *backed* your honour in." Rochester could not forbear laughing heartily at the salvo, and calling the fellow an arch dog, gave him a crown to drink his health.

A WELCHMAN living in an alehouse, had run up a great deal for cheese; his hostess therefore demanded a shilling. "How the devil, cot splutter-a-nails, can that be?" said he. "Why, look here," said she, pointing to the score behind the door. "Ah, that's brave indeed," said he, "what doth hur think hur does not know *chalk* from *cheese*?"

DOCTOR JOHNSON being one night at Drury-lane theatre, to see Mr. Garrick play Macbeth;

Macbeth; in one of the most interesting scenes of that affecting piece, he and the whole company in the box where he sat, were interrupted by the impertinence of a young man of fashion, who insisted on having a place, though none was kept for him. The disturbance continued unto the end of the act, when the doctor turning about with great contempt, cried, "Pshaw, Sir, how can you be so mistaken! *your place* lies in the *shilling gallery*."

A JURY being summoned to attend the Coroner of Middlesex to set on the body of a woman who had hanged herself; an Irishman going by, on seeing them enter the house, asked what was the matter. And being told they were going to *fit* on the dead body, "Arrah now," says he, "then I'll be hanged if so many don't squeeze her to death."

SOME years ago Dr. Johnson being in company with Foote, the emigration of the Scotch to London became the subject of conversation: Foote insisted that the emigrants were as numerous in the former, as in the present reign; the doctor the contrary. This dispute continued with a friendly warmth for some time, when Johnson called out, "You are certainly in the wrong, Sam; but I see how you are deceived; you cannot distinguish them

them now as formerly, for the fellows all come *breeched* to the capital of late years."

BEN JOHNSON and Sylvester being at a tavern, began to rhyme upon each other: Sylvester began;

"I, Sylvester,
Lay with your sister."

Ben Johnson replies:

"I, Ben Johnson,
Lay with your wife."

"That's no rhyme," says Sylvester; "But," says Ben Johnson, "there is a deal of truth in it."

A CHIMNEY-SWEEPER's boy had just swept the chimney at a barber's shop in London; and while the boy was tying up his foot, some of the journeymen, who were at work in the shop, being inclined to exercise their wit on the poor lad, among other questions, asked him, What trade his father was? To which the boy very archly replied, "What trade? why, my father was a barber, and I might have been a barber too; but, to tell you the truth, I did not like such a black-guard business."

AN officer in the French army applying to the pay-master of the forces for his arrears, told him, he was in the most extreme want, and on the point of dying with hunger.

ger. The treasurer seeing him of a jovial and ruddy aspect, told him, his countenance belied his complaint. "Good, my lord," replied the officer, "do not mistake; the visage you see, is not mine, it is my landlady's; she has fed me upon credit for above a twelvemonth."

A WELL-beneficed old parson being in a large company at a public dinner, he entertained them with nothing else but the situation and profits of his parochial livings; which last, he said, he kept entirely to himself. The company in general despised him too much to make any remarks upon his egotisms; but Quin being of the party, and observing the parson, as he stretched across the table, to shew a pair of very dirty, yellow hands, he immediately called out, "So, so, Doctor, I think you do keep your glebe in your own hands."

A CERTAIN clergyman in the west of England, being at the point of death, a neighbouring brother, who had some interest with his patron, applied to him for the next presentation; upon which the former, who soon after recovered, upbraided him with the breach of friendship, and said, he wanted his death. "No, no, doctor," says the other, "you quite mistake, it was your *living* I wanted."

Dr.

Dr. P——, an Irish Parson, and a remarkable ordinary man in his person, having a neat parsonage-house, very curiously furnished, was one day shewing it to Doctor Berkely, the celebrated Bishop of Cloyne. “Well, my lord,” says the doctor, after they had returned to the dining-parlour, “you see what a nice *marriage-trap* I have got here.”—“Why, yes, doctor,” says the bishop, looking him full in the face, “I see you have; but I don’t half like the *bait*.”

A nobleman being at the masquerade in a cook’s habit, another person in a domini desired he would dress him a dish of veal cutlets: “Sir,” replied he, “you being the best-looking calf in the company, I must cut the meat from your carcase.”

A CERTAIN nobleman who had just changed his party, complained to a lady of wit and humour, that he had a pain in his side: “Your side, my lord?” says she; “I thought you had no side.”—“Yes, Madam,” says his lordship, “I have two.”—“Then,” answered the lady, “I suppose you are Jack of both sides.”—“Ay, Madam,” says he, (a little chagrin’d) “and I have a backside too.”—“That I did not know, my lord,” says she, “but every body knows your lady has one.”

A COUNTRY-

A COUNTRYMAN that lived in London three years, when he went home, a friend asked him, if he saw Whitehall. "No," says he. "Nor the Tower?" says the other. "No," says he. "Strange," replied the other; "What could be the reason of it?" "Why, truly," says he, "the keeper of Newgate was so cross a fellow, he would not let me out to see any thing."

WHEN Madame Barré became the mistress of the late King of France, such an elevation, from one of her mean circumstances, necessarily became the topic of conversation. Some young fellows talking this matter over, one night, at the English coffee-house in Paris, a gentleman present said, he remembered her when she was to be had for a *six livre piece*. "Very true, Sir," says another, "but she is now risen to a *louis*."

ONE of the comedians walking down Bow-street, Covent-Garden, saw a poor miserable object asking charity; he stop'd and reliev'd him, saying, at the same time, "This man must either be in very great distress, or a very good *actor*."

A PERSON in company railing against one who was lately deceased, a gentleman, to vindicate him, said, He thought him not so very bad as he had been represented; adding,
"To

"To my knowledge, Sir, he was very charitable; and charity, you know, covers a multitude of sins."—"Faith, Sir, so it ought," said the first, "for he had a multitude to cover."

A LORD Lieutenant going over to Ireland, with his lady and family, was, in his passage, overtaken by so violent a storm, that the mariners themselves gave the vessel over for lost, and expected every instant that she would either founder or go ashore. At this juncture a sailor observing one of the menial servants standing pale with fear at the cabin-door, came up to him, and asked him if he had ever lain with a duchess. "No," says the poor fellow, frightened at such waggery, in so dangerous a time; "Why then," says the tar, "you have that pleasure to come; for by G—d we shall all lie with her grace in less than half an hour." The duke, who over-heard this, when the storm abated, and the danger was over, sent the fellow a handsome present, and forgave him the impudence of the joke, for the sake of his wit.

A HUMOROUS fellow, seeing his friend wear a thread-bare cloak, asked him, "If it was not sleepy." "Why do you ask?" said the other. "Because," said he, "I think it has not had a *nap* these seven years."

SOME time before the late Marquiss of Granby's death, he happened to be at a coffee-house at Scarborough, when he was much solicited by a pedlar to buy some tooth-picks. "Well," says the marquiss, "what is the price of your tooth-picks?"—"A guinea a-piece!" says the pedlar. "A guinea a-piece!" replied the marquiss; "why, friend, tooth-picks must be very *scarce* in Scarborough."—"No, my lord," says the fellow, letting him see he knew his rank, "but *marquisses* are."

A DOCTOR in Oxford, at his own charges, was mending the causeway; and a nobleman riding by, said, "How now, Doctor! I see you are mending the highway, but it is not the highway to heaven."—"No, my lord," says he, "if it were, I should have wondered to have seen *you* come this way."

SOME time after Lord Townsend had given up his commission in the guards, on account of the late Duke of Cumberland's refusing him leave of absence for three days, he went one morning to the parade, where Colonel F. (who was remarkable for being a tale-bearer to his royal highness) was looking over the exercise, in order if any thing was wrong, to report it. Upon seeing Lord Townsend come up, "What, Townsend," says he, "though you have left us, I see you still
come

come here as a *Spectator*.”—“Aye,” says his lordship, “and as you come here as a *Tatler*, the men will no doubt be improved between us both.”

THE above nobleman, when young, being at the battle of Dettingen, as he was marching down pretty close to the enemy, was so very thoughtful, (as is usual with most officers on their first battle) that he took no notice of a drummer's head that was shot off just before him, though he received some of the brains on his coat. A veteran officer observing this, went up to him, and endeavoured to rouse him, by telling him the best way in these cases was not to think at all. “Oh, dear Sir!” says the other, with great presence of mind, “you entirely mistake my reverie; I have been only thinking what the devil could bring this little drummer here, who seemed to possess such a quantity of brains.”

WHEN his Majesty was taking a view of one of the Woolwich yards, a few days since, he chanced to ask the question, “What frigate is that nearly finished?” He was answered, That it was the *Fortune*. “Then, *Sandwich*,” says his Majesty, addressing himself to that lord, “I must take the liberty of appointing the captain.”—“Will your Majesty please to name him?” answered his lord-

ship. "I don't know him yet," replied his Majesty, "but I intend it shall be the first *lieutenant* that does a *gallant action*."

BARON B——, a celebrated gambler, well known by the name of the *left-handed* baron, being detected some years ago at Bath secret-
ing a card, the company in the warmth of their resentment, threw him out at the window of a one pair of stairs room, where they had been playing. The baron meeting Foote some time after, was loudly complaining of this usage, and asked what he should do. "Do," says the wit, "why it is a plain case, never play so *high* again as long as you live."

Two country attornies, overtaking a waggoner on the road, and thinking to be witty upon him, asked why his fore-horse was so fat, and the rest so lean. The waggoner knowing them, answer'd, That his fore-horse was a lawyer, and the rest were his clients.

An eminent physician, who had accustomed himself to expect exorbitant fees, having attended a sick lady for some time, and received from her *two* guineas for every visit, was very much surprised when, at length, she gave him but *one*; and affecting to look on the ground, as if in search of something, the
lady

lady asked him what he had lost. "Madam," replied the doctor, "I believe I have dropt a guinea."—"No, Sir," replied the lady, "it is I that have *dropt* a guinea!"

WHEN Mrs. Macaulay published her *Loose Thoughts*, Foote, who was in company with Garrick, said it was a very improper title for a lady; to which the other replied, He was of a different opinion, for the sooner a woman gets rid of *such thoughts* the better.

A CERTAIN member of parliament having heard many speeches in the house, to the great applause of the speakers, grew ambitious of rising to rival glory by his oratory; and accordingly watched for a favourable opportunity to open. At length an occasion presented itself: It was on a motion being made in the house for enforcing the execution of some statutes; on which public-spirited motion, the orator in embryo rose solemnly up, and after giving three loud hems, spoke as follows: "Mr. Speaker—Have we laws, or have we not laws?—If we have laws, and they are not observed, to what end were those laws made?" Saying so, he set himself down, his chest heaving high with conscious consequence. When another member rose up, and delivered his thoughts in these words: "Mr. Speaker—Did the honourable gentleman-who

spoke last, speak to the purpose, or not speak to the purpose? If he did not speak to the purpose, to what purpose did he speak?" Which apropos reply set the house in such a fit of laughter, as discouraged the young orator from ever attempting to speak again.

A PHYSICIAN at Bath told Mr. Foote, that he had a mind to publish his poems; "But," said he, "I have so many irons in the fire, I do not know what to do."—"Then take my advice," said Foote, "and put your poems into the fire with the rest of your irons."

A GREAT crowd being gathered about a poor cobbler, who had just died in the street, a man asked Alexander Stevens what was to be seen. "Only a *cobbler's end*," replied he.

A DRUNKEN rake, that made it his constant practice to lie in bed every Sunday, was sharply reprimanded for it by a clergyman; the beau answered, That he was sorry a person of the sacred function should be so ignorant of Scripture, as not to know the sabbath was appointed for a day of *rest*.

AN eminent counsellor at law being retained in an affair of a mortgage, did his utmost in behalf of his client, and supported his cause with great eloquence. But a remarkable

markable circumstance appearing in the course of the evidence, which proved his client to be a very bad man, the judge could not help saying to the counsellor, "Well, Sir, what think you of your client now?" To which the counsellor replied; "Why, to tell you the truth, my lord, I find it is not my client's *interest* to pay the principal, and I am afraid he has not *principle* to pay the interest."

COUNSELLOR C. being grown very infirm from his excesses, and meeting one day with an old friend of his, a permit-officer of the custom-house, the latter asked him how he did. "Ah!" says the counsellor, "you will not have me long amongst you."—"Come, come," says the other, "do not be cast down, you shall not have a *permit* to die yet awhile."—"Shall not I, indeed?" says the counsellor; "why then I would have you make a sharp look out for death, or I am afraid he will *smuggle* me."

ABOUT the time of Macpherson's translation of Homer being universally condemned, the Lord Advocate of Scotland, in company with a number of *beaux esprits*, after haranguing with great vehemence and nationality on the general talents of Macpherson, asserted, there was not a man in England had even the
knack

knack of *writing down* a character more than he had. "I believe it most sincerely," says a gentleman present; "and I think he has given a very recent proof of it, by writing down one of the first characters of all antiquity."

SIR FRANCIS BLAKE DELAVAL having married an extreme ugly lady, though very rich, was asked by his friends, how he could think of marrying so ordinary a woman; "Look ye," said he, "I bought her by *weight*, and paid nothing for *fashion*."

WHEN Foote heard of the above gentleman's death, the shock of losing so intimate a friend, had such an effect on his spirits, that he burst into tears, retired to his room, and saw no company for two days: the third day, Jewell, his treasurer, calling in upon him, he asked him, with swollen eyes, what time the burial would be. "Not til next week, Sir," replied the other, "as I hear the surgeons are first to dissect his *head*." This last word recovered the wit's fancy, and repeating it with some surprize, he asked, "And what the devil will they get there? I am sure," says he, "I have known poor Frank these five and twenty years, and I never could find *any thing* in it."

A PHYSICIAN, who lived in London, visited a lady who lived at Chelsea: after continuing

tinuing his visits for some time, the lady expressed an apprehension, that it might be inconvenient to him to come so far on her account. "Oh, Madam," replied the doctor, "I have another patient in the neighbourhood, and by that means, you know, I *kill two birds with one stone.*"

A LITTLE after the death of Sir William Stanhope, brother to the late Earl of Chesterfield, his lady (whom fame had taken some liberties with before) married captain C—, of a marching regiment; who had little besides his commission for his support. When Chesterfield was first told of this circumstance, two or three of the family present were arraigning the very great imprudence of the match. "Not at all," says his lordship; "as for my part, I think nothing could be more equal; she married for a *cloak*, and he for a *coat.*"

A CERTAIN gambling peer married a lady of easy virtue. Lord C. being asked his opinion of the alliance, said, "It is no wonder *brimstone* and *cards* should make matches."

A POOR clergyman applied to a certain nobleman, who had a living in his gift at that time vacant; and, in order to succeed, said he had a wife and seven children.

"Why,"

“Why,” says the nobleman, “I believe you to be a very worthy and ingenious man, but in this affair you have acted very imprudently; for you have begun at the wrong end.” The clergyman begged he would be so kind as to explain himself, for he really had always done his best to live. “Why,” says the peer, “you should have got a living first, and the children afterwards.”

A LOOSE fellow was detected in stealing a cup out of a tavern, and a gentleman sent his man to know what was the matter; who came and told him, only a fellow had a *cup too much*. “Pish,” says he, “that’s my fault, and many an honest man’s beside.”

A COUNTRY fellow being admitted to a gentleman’s table, fell upon the artichokes; but not knowing what should be eaten, and what not, took a mouthful of the burrs, which almost choaked him: When one who sat next him said, “Friend, that dish is reserved for the last.”—“Truly,” answered he, as well as he could, “I am of your mind; for I think it will be *my last*.”

As Lady L—, now Lady T—, was presiding one evening at the tea-table, one of her ruffles caught the flame of the tea-lamp, and burned before it could be extinguished. Lord M——, who was of the party, and thought

thought to be witty on the accident, remarked, He did not think her ladyship so apt to *take fire*. "Nor am I, my lord," says she, with great readiness, "from *such sparks* as you."

A COURTIER exulting over a patriot, on the news in a late Extraordinary Gazette, told him, There was an end to the American opposition, as New York was conquered. "Not so," replied the patriot; "it is only like the ministry—*abandoned*."

LORD S——h once asked a clergyman at the bottom of his table, why the goose, if there was one, was always placed next to the parson. "Really," said he, "I can give no reason for it; but the question is so odd, that I shall never see a goose for the future, without thinking of your lordship."

LORD MANSFIELD, being willing to save a man who had stolen a trifling trinket, desired the prosecutor to value it at ten-pence; upon which he cried out, "Ten-pence, my lord! why the very fashion cost me ten times the sum."—"Oh," says his lordship, "we must not hang a man *for fashion's sake*."

A GENTLEMAN was joking with a physician, in the presence of Mr. Farquhar, concerning the faculty's wearing swords; saying,
he

he thought it an absurd custom, as theirs ought to be rather a dress of gravity than gaiety, and therefore they should leave the sword to the military and other gentlemen. But Mr. Farquhar insisted it was quite a necessary custom: and upon being asked his reason for it, he replied, "In order that they may defend themselves against the resentment of the friends and relations of the many patients they send out of the world."

A BEGGAR asking alms under the denomination of a poor scholar, a gentleman to whom he applied himself, asked him a question in Latin. The fellow, shaking his head, said he did not understand him: "Why," said the gentleman, "did not you say you were a *poor scholar*?"—"Yes," replied the other, "a poor one indeed, Sir, for I do not understand a word of Latin."

JAMES II. when he was Duke of York, took it into his head to visit Milton, merely out of curiosity. In the course of their conversation, the duke asked Milton, Whether he did not think the loss of his sight was a judgment upon him for what he had written against his father, Charles I. Our immortal bard made the following reply: "If your highness thinks that the calamities which befall us here, are indications of the wrath of heaven; in what manner are we to account for the

the fate of the king, your father? The displeasure of Heaven must, upon this supposition, have been much greater against *him* than *me*, for I have only lost my eyes, but he lost his head."

A LITTLE after Lord Chatham (then Mr. Pitt) had changed his political sentiments in regard to the protection of Hanover, in the course of replying one day in the House of Commons, to the late Sir Francis Delaval, he threw out some sarcastical reflections on him for appearing on the stage; upon which the other got up and acknowledged it was true youth and whim led him once to amuse himself that way; but he could safely lay his hand on his heart, and say, He never acted but *one part*.

"If you marry," said a father to his daughter, "you will do well; if you do not marry, you will do better."—"If that's the case," replied the daughter, "get me a husband as soon as you can, I shall be content to do *well*; I leave it to others to do better."

SOME years ago, two comedians belonging to Covent Garden theatre having laid a wager about which of them sung best, they agreed to refer it to Dr. Arne, who undertook to be arbitrator on this occasion. A day was accordingly agreed on, and both the parties ex-

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ecuted

ecuted to the best of their abilities before him. As soon as they had finished, the doctor proceeded to give judgment in the following manner: "As for you, Sir," addressing himself to the first, "you are by much the *worst* singer I ever heard in my life."—"Ah," says the other, exultingly, "I knew I should win my wager!"—"Stop, Sir," says the doctor, "I have a word to say to you before you go; which is this, that as for you, Sir, *you cannot sing at all.*"

A LADY having spoke to the butler to be saving of an excellent run of small-beer, and asked him how it might be best preserved; "I know of no method so effectual, my lady," replies the butler, "as placing a barrel of good *ale* by it."

SOME pleasant raillery once passing in the Court of Request at Westminster, between Lord Orford and Alderman Parsons, the Earl, among other things, said, "Pr'ythee, Mr. Alderman, let me come and take a bit of mutton with you; I hear you keep a good table, but where the devil stands your house?"—"Oh! Sir," replied the Alderman, "very nigh *Tower-Hill*; where thousands, as well as myself, will be heartily glad to see *you.*"

AT Mr. Fordyce's sale at Roehampton, Foote, who attended almost every day, bought
nothing

nothing but a pillow, on which a gentleman asked him, what particular use he could have for a single pillow? "Why," says Foote, "to tell you the truth, I do not sleep very well at night, and I am sure this must give me many a good nap, when the proprietor of it (though he owed so much) could sleep so well upon it."

FOOTE rattling away one evening in his Green-room with great wit and brilliancy, as he usually did; the Duke of C. who was present, and seemed highly entertained, cried out, "Well, Foote, you see I swallow all your good things."—"Do you, my Lord Duke!" says the other; "why then I congratulate you on your *digestion*, for I believe you never *threw up* one of them in your life."

THREE young Cantabs went one evening to a coffee-house near St. James's, being recommended to it for the goodness of the wine, particularly old hock; one of them, who took upon himself to be the wit of the company, ordered the waiter to bring a bottle of *bic, hæc, hoc*. However, the waiter paid no attention to his command; and, upon being called again, was damned for a stupid rascal, and asked the reason why he did not bring the hock. "Really, gentlemen," said he, "I thought you had *declined* it."

A HIGHWAYMAN presenting a blunderbuss to a gentleman in a chariot, demanded his money with the usual compliment; the gentleman readily surrendered his purse, containing about sixty guineas, and told the highwayman, that for his own safety, he had better put the robbery upon the footing of an exchange, by selling him the blunderbuss for what he had just now taken from him. "With all my heart," says the highwayman, and gave it to the gentleman; who instantly turn'd the muzzle towards him, and told him, if he did not redeliver his purse, he would shoot him. "That you may, if you can," replied the highwayman, "for I promise you it is not loaded;" and rode off very coolly with his booty.

A GENTLEMAN had a blind harper playing before him till it was pretty late; at length he commanded his man to light the harper down stairs: To whom the servant replied, "Sir, the harper is blind."—"Why, you ignorant loggerhead," says his master, "has not he the more need of light then?"

WHEN Queen Elizabeth was at Osterly, near Brentford, the seat of Sir Thomas Gresham, who built the Royal Exchange, she observed to him a wall at one side of the garden, which confined, in some respect, the prospect. Sir Thomas seemed to take no farther

farther notice of her majesty's remark at that time than to coincide in it; but as soon as she was retired to her chamber, he had prepared a number of workmen in readiness, and had the wall entirely pulled down by morning. The queen, upon her walking the garden, was surprized at the alteration; but turning about to Sir Thomas, with great readiness observed, She did not wonder that he who had *built a 'Change*, could so readily *change a building*.

GENERAL E. being at a country play last summer, the entertainment happened to be the Stage Coach, which was performed so wretchedly, that it was impossible to make head or tail of it. As soon as the curtain closed, and one of the performers came to give out the next play, the general begged leave to ask the name of the entertainment just finished. "The Stage Coach, Sir," says buskin, bowing very respectfully. "O then, Sir," says the general, "will you be so good to let me know when you perform this again, that I may be an *outside passenger*."

VOLTAIRE having lampooned a nobleman, was one night in his way home intercepted by him, and handsomely cudgelled for his licentious wit. Upon which he applied to the Duke of Orleans, who was then regent, and begged him to *do justice* in the

affair. "Sir," replied the regent, smiling, "it has been *done already*."

A MANTUA-MAKER, who was accustomed to make free with some of her customers silk, when she came to make herself a gown, laid by half a yard of her own: Her husband perceiving it, asked the reason: "Oh," said she, "it is to *keep my hand in*, lest at any time I should forget."

THE first night that Savigny, who is a cutler by profession, appeared at Covent-Garden theatre in Barbarossa, Lady Harrington, who sat in the same box with Sir Francis Delaval, being much affected, turned about to the knight, and observed he was really very *cutting*. "Oh! dear Madam," says Sir Francis, "I am not much surprized at that, consider he is a *razor-grinder*."

ONE speaking of a young physician, asked whether he kept his coach? "No," says another, "his *coach* keeps him."

A MINISTER being deprived for non-conformity, said it should cost an hundred men their lives; some understood this, as to his being a fellow that would move sedition, and complained of him; who, upon being examined, said, his meaning was, that he would practise *physic*.

A YOUNG

A YOUNG fellow came to offer himself to the play-house, whose talent lay in comedy; and having given a specimen of his capacity to Mr. Quin, he asked if he had ever played any parts in comedy. The former answered, yes; he had played Abel in the Alchymist. "I am rather of opinion you play'd *Cain*," says Quin, "for I am certain you *murder'd Abel*."

A GENTLEMAN having sent a porter on a message, which he executed much to his satisfaction, had the curiosity to ask his name: being informed it was Ruffel, "Pray," says the gentleman, "is your coat of arms the same as the Duke of Bedford's?"—"As to our *arms*, your honour," says the porter, "I believe they are pretty much alike; but there is a devilish deal of difference between our *coats*."

AN Irish gentleman being met by two of his acquaintance in St. James's Park, who, observing he had got a new coat that sat very awkwardly upon him, asked him how his taylor came to make it so badly? To which the dear joy answered, That he was so unfortunate as not to be at home when his taylor took measure of him.

A GENTLEWOMAN, who had two gallants, growing big with child, the question was put,
who

who should be the father? when one of them, who had a wooden leg, offered to decide it thus: If the child comes into the world with a *wooden leg*, I will father it; if not, it shall be yours.

ON the revival of Shakespeare's Twelfth Night, the piece received but little applause till the following lines were delivered:

“ —She never told her love;
But let concealment, like a worm i'th' bud,
Prey on her damask cheek. She pin'd in
thought;
And with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat, like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.”

Here the whole theatre burst into applause; but a gentleman from Oxford was observed to stand up and clap after all the rest had done; upon which a nobleman in the boxes called aloud to know what he meant by that sort of behaviour. “Why, you clapped the *piece*, my lord,” says the Oxonian, “and I clap the *audience* for discovering so much true taste and judgment.”

A LADY of wit and gallantry being accompanied in her visit to the two universities by a stupid young nobleman, it was observed by one who knew the parties, how ill her choice was in respect to a conductor. “Not at all,” says a gentleman present, “I think it

it highly in character; *Minerva*, you know, was always accompanied by an owl."

Soon after Pope Benedict XIV. who was a man much above all taint of superstition, ascended the papal throne, he was one day giving audience to a cardinal, who the moment he came into the presence-chamber, as usual, made his obeisance; the pope, in return, was putting his hand to his tiara, when the master of the ceremonies stopt him short, by whispering to him, it was below the dignity of a pope to return any salute, "O! I cry your mercy," says Benedict, out aloud; "I have not been long enough in office yet, to forget my good-manners."

A SEA captain's opinion being asked about a future state, he answered, that he never troubled himself about *state affairs*.

ABOUT three years ago, Foote went to spend his Christmas with the late C. B—n, Esq. when the weather being very cold, and but bad fires, occasioned by the scarcity of wood in the house, Foote was determined to make his visit as short as possible; accordingly, on the third day after he went there, he ordered his chaise, and was preparing to set out for town. Mr. B—n seeing him with his boots on in the morning, asked him what hurry he was in, and pressed him to stay.

"No,

"No, no," says Foote, "was I to stay any longer, you would not let me have a leg to stand on."—"Why sure," says Mr. B—n, "we do not drink so hard."—"No," says the wit, "but there is so little *wood* in your house, that I am afraid one of your servants may light the fires some morning with *my right-leg*."

A COUNTRY lad being to be catechised, (who was an apprentice) the parson asked him, "What's your name?"—"John," says the lad. "Who gave you that name?" says the parson. "My godfathers and godmothers, &c." says the lad. "Well said," says the parson; "and what did your godfathers and godmothers then for you?" Says John, "Sir, they have done nothing for me yet, but they promise to do something for me when I come out of my time."

AN officer in the customs, at the port of Liverpool, running carelessly along the ship's gunnel, fell overboard, and was drowned. Being soon taken up, the coroner's jury was summoned to sit on the body. One of the jurymen returning home, was called to by an alderman of the town, and asked what verdict they brought in, and whether they found *Felo de se*? "Ay, ay," says the jurymen, shaking his noddle, "he fell into the sea sure enough."

A POOR

A POOR gentleman that had trifled away his estate, being in company with some merry citizens, one would needs pass a joke upon him, saying, Though citizens for the most part were younger brothers and gentlemen, the elders carried away the estates, and were bred up highly in learning; yet many times the citizens outwitted them, and got their lands. To which the gentleman replied, That it was not their wit, but that Providence ordered it so; "For," says he, "we get *your children*, and you get *our estates*; and it is fit the land should descend to the *right heir*."

A CERTAIN great lady passing in her chariot through Long-Acre one morning, perceived her son coming out of a brothel; the spark having a quick eye upon his mother, retreated back into the passage in great confusion: The old lady ordered her coachman to stop at the door, and called out, "My son, my son, never be ashamed at *coming out* of a bawdy-house; but for ever be ashamed of *going into* one."

WHEN Foote was last in Ireland, he happened to see at the Castle, one levee-day, a person in the suite of the Lord Lieutenant, whom he thought he had known for many years to have lived rather a life of expediency in London; to corroborate his suspicion, he
asked

asked Lord Townsend who he was. "That is one of my *gentlemen at large*," says his excellency: "Do you know him?"—"O yes," says Foote, "very well; and what you tell me of him is very extraordinary; first that he is a *gentleman*; and next, that he is *at large*."

A FACETIOUS canon of Windsor, taking his evening-walk as usual into the town, met one of the vicars at the castle-gate, returning home somewhat elevated with generous port. "So," says the canon, "from whence came you?"—"I don't know, Mr. Canon," replies the vicar; "I have been *spinning* out this afternoon with a few friends."—"Ay," says the canon, "and now you are *reeling* it home."

A FRENCH marquiss being one day at dinner at Roger Williams's, the famous punster and publican, was boasting of the happy genius of his nation, in projecting all the fine modes and fashions; particularly the ruffle, which was, he said, de fine ornament to de hand; and had been followed by de oder nations. Roger allowed what he said, but observed at the same time, that the English, according to custom, had made a great *improvement* upon their invention, by adding a *shirt* to it.

A POOR but worthy clergyman, who possessed only a small lectureship, from the income of which he had a large family to maintain, had been under the necessity, through some expensive family sickness, &c. of contracting debts with several in the parish; and being unable to answer their demands, absconded for some time for fear of being troubled; and in short, was so ashamed of facing his creditors, that he even prevailed with a friend to officiate for him on Sundays. However, considering this method of life could not last long, he took courage, and resolved to preach the following Sunday before his parishioners; when he took his text from the New Testament in these words, "Have patience, and I will pay you all." He divided his discourse into two general heads; first, "Have patience;" secondly, "and I will pay you all." He then expatiated very largely and elegantly on that most christian virtue, *patience*; after which, "And now," says he, "having done with my first head, viz. "Have patience," I come to my second and last general head, which is, "And I will pay you all;"—but that I must defer to another opportunity." Which excellent conclusion so pleased his creditors, that they gave him his own time to pay his debts, assuring him that they would never trouble him.

A GENTLEMAN, who very frequently went to take an airing on horseback, was observed always to come home drunk, though he was never known to be intoxicated with liquor at any other time; whereupon a friend of his very archly observed, that though he had a *habit* of getting drunk, it was only his *riding* habit.

ONE having a kinswoman come out of the country, that never was at London before, invited her abroad, and having shewn her the tombs at Westminster, came with her to the King's Chapel, where the organs were playing; and entering in, he took her by the hand to lead her to a convenient seat; but she held back, saying, "Indeed, cousin, you must excuse me, I cannot *dance*."

A GENTLEMAN having brought his friend down into his cellar, his friend observing there was no seat to sit on, asked him the reason of it. "Because," says the other, "I will have no man that comes here drink any longer than he can *stand*."

ONE who was grown rich of a sudden, from a very mean and beggarly condition, and began to take great state upon him, was met one day by a poor acquaintance, who accosted him in a very humble manner; but being taken no notice of, cried out, "Nay, it
is

is no great wonder you should not know *me*, when you have forgot *yourself*."

A FELLOW that used to be drunk, when he came home wallowed about the floor, and said, He paid rent for the house, and he would lie where he pleased. At last he falls into the fire; and the maid runs to her mistress, and tells her she could not get him out: "Let him alone," says she, "he pays rent for the house, let him lie where he pleases."

QUEEN CAROLINE having some distant notion of inclosing St. James's Park, entirely for the use of the Royal Family, consulted a noble lord about the expences: his lordship, startled at the proposal, at first waved his opinion; but at length being pressed to it, he replied, "Why then, Madam, I think it may cost you about *three crowns*."

A SHARPER was telling his friends at Tunbridge, that he had brought a young baronet out of the country, whose merit he extoll'd prodigiously; and at last added, that he was a very honest man. "He is to be pitied for that," says Tom Brown. "What, for being an honest man?" says the other. "No," answered Tom: "but being an honest man, he is to be pitied for being in your company."

AN empty, pragmatICAL attorney, calling one morning at the chambers of a certain witty counsellor, the latter asked him how he did. "Faith, I do not know; I am not at all *myself* this morning."—"Why then I congratulate you much," says the other; "for if you are any body beside *yourself*, I will be hanged if you are not a *gainer* by the *change*."

A GENTLEMAN came to a widow's house, and she presented him with a cup of small beer; and coming a week afterwards, salutes him with another cup of the same liquor, saying, "Sir, I dare not commend the beer to you, for indeed it is *dead*;" to which he replied, "That may very well be, for it was exceeding *weak* when I was here last."

FOOTE and Garrick being at a tavern together, at the time of the first regulation of the gold coin, the former pulling out his purse to pay the reckoning, asked the latter What he should do with a light guinea he had. "Pshaw, it's worth nothing," says Garrick, "fling it to the devil."—"Well, David," says the other, "you are what I always took you for, ever contriving to make a guinea go *farther* than any other man."

A JUSTICE of peace, who was strongly possessed with the itch of scribbling, and had
published

published a book on various subjects, sent it by his amanuensis as a present to Ben Johnson, who received it very thankfully; but afterwards dipping into it, and finding it full of faults, he returned it with his complaints, and desired his worship would *commit it to the house of correction.*

A MAN owing money, his creditor put him in prison, of which he made great complaint, saying, that he had trouble enough to borrow it, and did not need to be troubled to pay it again.

As his late majesty was returning from one of his excursions to Hanover, his carriage happened to break down between Helvoetsluys and the Brill, on a part of the road where he and his attendants were obliged to take what accommodation they could get at a hedge gin-house, until another carriage was got ready. The articles of refreshment they had were coffee for his majesty, and two noblemen who were in the coach with him, and four bottles of gin for the domestics; yet the honest landlord, knowing what guests he had in the house, made his account for this poor fare amount to the enormous sum of ninety pounds: the bill being brought to the late Lord Ligonier, who was with the king, he railed at the fellow's extravagance so loud that his majesty over-heard him, and insisted

upon knowing what was the matter ; being told, he shook his head, and smiling, said, " Come, come, my good Lord Ligonier, pay the money ; kings, I believe, seldom call here."

A GENTLEMAN at Bath, who had been very extravagant, and squandered away most of his fortune, not frequenting the rooms as usual, many of his friends enquired after him of Nash, who told them, that he *kept his bed* ; upon which several of them went to see him, and finding him well, told him the report which Nash had spread. The gentleman, a little disgusted, went to Nash, and in a passion asked why he had treated him in that manner. " Why in such a heat," says Nash ; " I hope I said nothing but the truth. I ventured to tell these gentlemen, indeed, that you *kept your bed*, and if you have I rejoice at it : it is the only thing you have kept, and I knew it would be the last you would part with."

BEAU NASH was one day complaining in the following manner to the Earl of Chesterfield of his bad luck at play : " Would you think it, my lord, that cursed bitch Fortune, no later than last night, tricked me out of five hundred ! Is it not surprising," continued he, " that my luck should never turn ; that I should eternally thus be mauled ?"—

ed?"—"I don't wonder at your losing money, Nash," says his lordship; "but all the world is surpris'd how you get it to lose."

WHEN Sir Henry Marshal, uncle to the late Sir Henry Banks, was rising off his knees, after being knighted by his late majesty, he happened to stumble; upon which, with great presence of mind, he apologized to the king, by telling him, He had loaded him with so much honour, that he could not well *stand* under it.

DOCTOR CHENEY, once, when Nash was ill, drew up a prescription for him, which was sent in accordingly. The next day the doctor coming to see his patient, found him up and well; upon which he asked, If he followed his prescription! "Egad," cried Nash, "if I had, I should have broke my neck; for I flung it out of the two-pair of stairs window."

DIOGENES begging, as was the custom of many heathen philosophers, asked an extravagant man for more than he did any other. Hereupon, one said to him, "I see you know your business; where you find a generous person, you will make the most of him."—"No," said Diogenes, "but I design to beg of the rest *again*."

A QUAKER,

A QUAKER, that was a barber, being sued by the parson for tythes; Yea and Nay went to him, and demanded the reason why he troubled him, seeing he had never any dealings with him in his whole life. "Why," says the parson, "it is for tythes!"—"For tythes!" says the quaker, "I pray thee, friend, upon what account?"—"Why," says the parson, "for preaching in the church."—"Alas! then," replied the quaker, "I have nothing to do with paying thee; for I come not there."—"Oh! but you might," says the parson, "for the doors are always open at convenient times." And thereupon told him, he would be paid, seeing it was his due. Yea and Nay then shook his head, and making several wry faces, departed, and immediately entered his action, it being a corporation town, against the parson, for forty shillings. The parson, upon notice of this, came to him, and very hotly demanded, why he put such a disgrace upon him; and for what he owed him the money. "Truly, friend," replied the quaker, "for shaving."—"For shaving!" said the parson; "why I never was shaved by you in my life."—"Oh! but thou might'st have come and been shaved, if thou hadst been pleased, for my doors are always open at convenient times as well as thine."

KING CHARLES II. being in company with Lord Rochester and other nobles, who had been drinking the best part of the night, Killigrew came in. "Now," says the king, "we shall hear of our faults."—"No, faith!" says Killigrew, "I don't care to trouble myself with that which all the town talks of."

SOME men and their wives, who all lived on the same side of a street, being merry-making at a neighbour's house; said one of the husbands, "It's reported that all the men in our row are cuckolds, but one." Soon after, his wife being thoughtful, "What makes you sad, my dear?" said he, "I hope you are not offended at what I said."—"No," said she, "I am only considering who that one can be."

AN Oxford vintner, complaining to his man that there were no bottles left, though he had lain in a large stock lately. "No wonder," says the fellow, "for all those that were measure, you broke; and all that were not measure, the scholars have broke."

A COUNTRY squire asked a merry-andrew, why he play'd the fool. "For the same reason," says he, "as you do; out of want: you do it for want of *wit*, and I for want of *money*."

A GENTLE-

A GENTLEMAN in the country, whose wife had the misfortune to hang herself on an apple-tree, was asked by a neighbour if he wou'd give him a scion of that tree, that he might graft it upon one in his own orchard; "For who knows," said he, "but it may bear the same fruit!"

A SELF-CONCEITED author, who had published a collection of poems of his own composing, presented one of the books to Ben Johnson. Some time after he met Ben, and asked him how he liked his performance. "Why, Sir," says Ben, "if I must speak my mind, I do not like it at all; for it is printed upon such confounded hard paper, that it rubs my backside like a nutmeg-grater."

A LADY complaining to Dr. Ratcliffe of a violent pain in the head, he immediately pulled off her cap. "What do you mean, doctor?" cried the lady. "I only want to feel whereabouts your pain is," answered he. "You can't feel it, Sir," says she: "Nay, then," replied he, "if it can't be *felt*, you have very little occasion for my advice."

A YOUNG lady asked a gentleman, who was a lawyer, what was the most surprising curiosity in all Sir Hans Sloan's collection? He answered, "A virgin at fifteen years of age."

age."—"Indeed, Sir," replied the lady, "you are mistaken, for I have been told by several, that in his whole collection there is nothing so curious as an *honest lawyer*."

A WIT being at an assembly, was asked how he liked a young lady that was dancing, and whose complexion was discernably her own manufacture. "Really, Sir," answered he, "I am no connoisseur in *painting*."

NOURSHIVAN the Just, one of the kings of Persia, being oppressed with hunger, one day, as he was hunting, longed to eat part of the game he had killed. And being unprovided with salt, he sent his attendants to the next village for some, but denounced the most severe penalties on them if they omitted to pay for it. "What harm," cried one of these, "can there be in not paying for a little salt?"—"If a *king*," replied Nourshivan, "should pluck an *apple* in the garden of one of his subjects, his *courtiers*, the next day, would cut down the *tree*."

FOOTE's wooden, or rather cork leg, was so well contrived by springs, that he could move his knee, ankle, and toes; and but for a small hitch in his gait, which those who did not know him took for lameness, he might very well have passed as having both his legs. Going, after the Hay-market had shut up, to
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spend the remainder of the season at Bright-helmstone, a German baron being in company with him and some more gentlemen, and bragging very much of his courage, Foote dared him to run a pin into the calf of his leg, which he accepted : the wit immediately took a pin, and ran into his cork leg ; the baron, with much ado, squeezed one in his, but hopped about the room, making a most hideous roar, whilst Foote sat quiet with his friends at the table, laughing at the baron's folly.

WHEN Dr. Johnson was last in Scotland, amongst other curiosities shewn him, he was taken to a very ancient and high castle, which was reckoned to command the most extensive view of any in the country. " Well, Sir," says his guide, " what do you think of this prospect ?"—" It is the finest in all Scotland," says the doctor, " for I can here see *the road to England.*"

Soon after Madame Barré got the honour of the guards, which was for a long time violently opposed by the Duke de Choiseul, she was engaged in a party at whist at court, when the duke and she were partners. In the course of the game they happened to be eight, (a number well known to entitle the party to call) when the countess held three honours in her own hand, upon which she
asked

asked her partner, the duke, (as is usual) "Can you one?"—"No, Madam," replied his grace. "Why then," says the countess, giving him a very significant look, and at the same time shewing her cards, "you see, my lord duke, I can get the *honours* without you."

FOOTE, at the coffee-house, being in company with two gentlemen, one of whom was reproving the other, that he always forgot when his reckoning was paid for him, but was sure to remember when he paid for any body else. "Why," says Foote, "it is owing to an infirmity he has got, he has lost *half* his memory."

A POET going over Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, one who pretended himself a maimed soldier, begged an alms of him. The poet asked him by what authority he went a begging. "Sir," said the soldier, "I have a licence"—"A licence!" said the poet; "*lice* I conceive thou may'st have, but *sense* thou can'st have none, to beg money of a poet."

Sir William B——, who swears almost at every word, calling one day on Foote, after his return from seeing Godfrey's experiment tried to extinguish fire in a house, by throwing into the rooms some chemical balls which he had prepared; Foote asked him if the balls answered. "Aye," says Sir William, "d—me,

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they

they would extinguish hell-fire."—"Then, replied the wit, "order a number of them to be put into your coffin."

Mr. MOORE, the author of many ingenious pieces, being a long time under an expensive prosecution in Doctors-Commons for marrying two sisters, was called upon one morning by his proctor, as he was writing his tragedy of the Gamesters: the proctor having a leisure hour, Mr. Moore read him four acts of his piece, which were all at that time finished, which the former found himself so affected by, that he exclaimed, "Good God! how can you possibly add to this couple's distress in the other act?"—"Oh! very easy," says Moore, "there I intend to put them both in the *Spiritual Court*."

At a tavern, one evening, where the glass had gone merrily round, and all the company were mellow, Foote being toast-master, called on a young nobleman, remarkable for his viciousness, for his toast. "D—me," says he, "I'll give you the devil."—"Well," replies Foote, "I have no objection to any of your lordship's friends."

FOOTE, when he got the better of his misfortunes, set up an elegant chariot with four fine dun horses, which at that time were the height of fashion; Lord C. met him one day

day driving through Hyde Park, when his lordship accosted Foote with, "So, Foote, you drive the *duns*, I see."—"Yes, my lord," replied the wit, "it is high time, for they have driven me a devilish long while."

AN honest curate in the country remonstrating to a married couple, who did not live together in the most agreeable union, on the indecency and even sinfulness of their contentions, since they were in the eye of God and man, but one. "But one!" cried out the husband, "surely if you was to come by the door, and hear us in the height of our quarrel, you would swear we were twenty."

THE late Mr. Rich's abilities, as a harlequin, are universally known. Coming home one night from the play-house, he got into a hackney-coach, and ordered the man to drive him to the Sun Tavern, Clare-market. It happened as the coachman was driving by the window, Rich perceiving it to be open, threw himself out of the coach into the room; the man, not taking notice of this circumstance, drew up, and getting from his box, opened the coach-door, let down the step, and then taking off his hat, waited for some time, expecting his fare to alight: at last looking into the coach, and seeing it empty, he bestowed a few hearty curses on the rascal that had bilked him, and remounting his

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box,

box, was driving home. Rich, watching his opportunity, on the coachman's return, threw himself in at the window again, and calling out, as loud as he could, bid him turn about, for he was going wrong. The fellow, almost petrified with the circumstance, did as he was ordered, and once more drew up to the tavern-door. When Rich got out, after reproaching the fellow for his stupidity, he offered him his fare. "No, God bless your honour," says the man, "I cannot think of taking any money from you."—"Pshaw, you are a fool," says Rich, "here is eighteen-pence for you."—"No," says the coachman, who by this time had mounted his box, "that will not do; I know you too well, though you do wear shoes; and so, Mr. Devil, for once in your life you are flung."

It was a beautiful turn given by a great lady, who being asked where her husband was, when he lay concealed for having been deeply concerned in a conspiracy; resolutely answered, I have hid him. This frank confession drew her before the king, who told her, nothing but discovering where her lord was concealed could save her from torture: "And will that do, Sir?" says the lady. "Yes," replied the king, "I have given my word for it."—"Then," says she, "I have hid him in my heart, there you'll find him."

Which

physician, strolled out before dinner into the church-yard, which is adjoining to the tavern. Dinner being served up, and the doctor not returned, some of the company were expressing their surprize, where he could be gone to. "Oh!" says the counsellor, "he is just stept out to pay a visit to some of his *old patients*."

As the watch were passing by, a maid-servant emptied a chamber-pot upon their heads; they being angry, she asked who they were. They replied, "The watch."—"Why then, harm watch, harm catch," says the girl.

A CANTABRIGIAN being arrived in town, went to a tavern in Fleet-street, in order to send for a friend and sup; but being very thirsty when he came in, he bid the waiter fetch him a little porter immediately; upon which the lad ran to the Temple, and presently returned, introducing a little man, a ticket-porter, telling the gentleman, he was the *least porter* he could meet with.

A PHYSICIAN, boasting his great knowledge in the profession, said he never heard any complaint from his patients; a by-stander wittily replied, "Very likely, doctor, for the faults of you physicians are generally *buried* with your patients."

A SCHOLAR

A SCHOLAR blowing his fire, the nose of the bellows dropt off. "I see it is cold weather," says he, "for even the nose of the bellows *drops*."

ONE was tried for having five wives at once, and four of them were proved he was lawfully married to. Then the judge asked him, why he married so many. He said, it was only to make trial among so many to find one good one, with whom he might spend the rest of his life. "Truly," says the judge, "I am certain you'll find none such in this life, and therefore I shall take care, that you may go and seek one in another; and so condemned him."

LORD CHESTERFIELD and another gentleman paying a morning visit together, just as the latter had stepped out of the carriage, a great lamp, which hung in the centre of an iron arch before the door, fell, and missed the gentleman only by about half an inch. "Good God, my lord," says he, much surprized, "I was near being gone."—"Why, yes," says my lord, very coolly, "but there would have been one comfort attending such an accident, that you would have had *extreme unction* before you went."

WHEN the celebrated Doctor Taylor first set up his coach, he consulted with Foote
about

about the choice of a motto. "What are your arms?" says the wit. "Three mal-lards," cried the doctor. "Very good," says Foote; "why then the motto I would recommend to you is, *Quack—quack—quack.*"

A LITTLE gentleman going to a friend's house, found himself too short to reach the knocker; at last seeing a very tall fellow coming by, begged him to do it for him; which, though very unwillingly, he did, at the same time muttering, "What the devil are such little fellows as you made for?" The other replied, "To be waited on by tall ones, like you."

ONE who was formerly in good circumstances, but had squandered away his estate, and had left himself no more necessaries than a sorry bed, a little table, a few broken chairs, and other such lumber, seeing a gang of thieves endeavouring to break into his house one night, he bawled out to them; "Are ye not a pack of fools, to think to find any thing here in the *dark*, where I can find nothing by *day-light*."

AN English gentleman being in Breck-nockshire, often diverted himself with shoot-ing; but, suspected not to be qualified, by one of the busy Welch justices, his worship told him, if he did not produce his qualifica-tion,

tion, he should not shoot there; "For," said he, "I have two little manors."—"Yes, Sir," said the English gentleman, "any body may perceive that."—"Perceive what?" cries the justice. "That you have *too little manners*," says the other.

SOME time after the late Lord Waldgrave abjured the Catholic religion, he was sent ambassador to France, where he resided several years. Being one day at an entertainment where his cousin the Duke of Berwick, and many other noblemen were present, the duke wanting to mortify him on the score of religion, asked his lordship, whether the ministers of state, or of the gospel, had the greatest share in his conversion. "Good God! my lord duke," says Waldgrave, "how can you ask me such a question? Do you not know, that when I quitted the Roman Catholic religion, I left off *confession*?"

A TAYLOR having a quarrel with a fellow in the street, was observed to express himself in the following terms:—I'll trim him, a dog; I'll stick in his skirts, I'll pick a hole in his coat, a scoundrel; gentlemen, I don't value him of a button, not a shred. I'll bring it to a suit, he shall have a stone doublet. Does the rascal think I am a goose? He has cut out work for himself. What, though my fortune is a little over-cast, I am not fine-drawn,

drawn, as he is, a cabbage-fed blackguard. I've a good bottom. Nobody can say I am without a stitch to my back. He may be as sharp as a needle if he will, but he shan't break the thread of my discourse. It is well he sheered off, or I would have baisted the scoundrel.

IN a cause tried at the King's Bench, a witness was produced who had a very red nose, and one of the counsel, who had a good stock of assurance, being desirous to put him out of countenance, called out to him after he was sworn, "Well, let's hear what you have to say with your copper-nose"—"Why, Sir," said he, by the oath I have taken, I would not exchange my *copper-nose* for your *brazen-face*.

KING CHARLES II. coming thro' Shore-ditch, from Newmarket, observed a wall lately made of horns there, which was common in that road, and bid Lord Rochester, who was with him in the coach, take notice of it. "Aye, Sir," said he, "the citizens have been laying their *heads* together to mend the way against your majesty came by."

As two gentlemen were standing together, a young lady passed by them, when one of them said, "There goes the handsomest woman I ever saw." She hearing him, turned back,

back, and observing him to be very ugly, answered, "I wish, Sir, I could in return say as much of you."—"So you may, Madam," says he, "and tell a lye, as I have done."

THE late Lord Chesterfield being at the Duke of Newcastle's levée, when Garnet upon Job, a book dedicated to his grace, happened to lay in the window, his lordship took up the book, and was reading it, just as the duke entered. "Well, my lord," says his grace, "I should be glad of your opinion on that book?"—"The best book in the world," replied his lordship, "for one that attends your grace's levée."

A MAN who travelled the country, and got his bread by flying upon a rope off the tops of steeples, &c. applied once to a learned bishop for leave to fly from the top of the cathedral, and engaged some people of weight to speak in his favour; to whom his lordship replied: "It is inconsistent with my duty, and the nature of my function, to permit any man to fly *from* the church; but your friend may fly *to it* if he will."

A CITIZEN was saying in company, that he never had seen an ear of rye in his life. A young lady then present, whose name was Miss Rye, said, at the same time shewing him

him one of her ears, "Here, Sir, is an ear of Rye, which, if you please, you may behold." The gentleman immediately caught hold of her ear, and gave her a pinch; "Now, Madam," said he, "you have a *wry* face too."

A SCHOLAR declaiming in a college-hall, having a bad memory, was at a stand, and in a low voice desired one who stood close by him to help him out; "No," says the other, "methinks you are *out* enough already."

A GREAT lord, who had run himself over head and ears in debt, seeming quite easy about the matter, was asked one day by a friend, how he could sleep so well, when he was so much in debt. "For my part," replied my lord, "I sleep very well, but I wonder how my creditors can!"

A SCHOOLMASTER asked one of his boys, in a sharp winter-morning, what was Latin for cold; the boy hesitating a little, the master said, "What, sirrah, can't you tell?"—"Yes, Sir," says the boy, "I have it at my fingers ends."

It is sensibly observed by G. A. Stevens, That old batchelors resemble pretenders to atheism, who make a mockery in public of what in private they tremble at and fall down to.

Two Gentlemen, one named Chambers, the other Garret, riding by Tyburn together; says the first, "This is a very pretty tēnement, if it had but a *garret*."—"You fool!" says Garret, "don't you know there must be *chambers* first?"

A GENTLEMAN coming to an inn in Smithfield, and seeing the ostler expert and tractable about the horses, asked how long he had lived there, and what countryman he was. "I'fe Yorkshire," says the fellow, "an ha liv'd sixteen years here."—"I wonder," replied the gentleman, "that in so long a time so clever a fellow as you seem to be, have not come to be master of the inn yourself."—"Ay," answered the ostler, "but maister's Yorkshire too."

A CERTAIN couple going to Dunmow, in Essex, to demand the fitch of bacon, which is to be given to every married couple who can swear they have had no dispute, nor once repented their bargain, in a year and a day; the steward, ready to deliver it, asked where they would put it. The husband produced a bag, and told him in that: "That," says the steward, "is not half big enough."—"So I told my wife," answered the good man; "and I believe we have had a hundred words about it."—"Ay!" said the steward, "then I must again hang up the bacon."

AN Irishman having a looking-glass in his hand shut his eyes, and placed it before his face; another asking him, Why he did so; "Upon my shoul," says teague, "it is to see how I look when I am asleep."

A SCOTCH bagpiper travelling into Ireland, opened his wallet by a wood-fire, and sat down to dinner; he had no sooner said grace, than three wolves came about him. To one he threw bread, to another meat, till his provision was all gone; at length he took up his bagpipes, and began to play; at which the wolves ran away. "The deel saw me," said sawney, "an I had ken'd you lov'd music so well, ye should have had it before dinner."

A GENTLEMAN telling a lady that a certain apothecary of her acquaintance was broke, and oblig'd to shut up shop; she enquired the cause: to which the gentleman replied, "He was so honest a man, that instead of loading his patients with medicines, as is too common a practice, he advised them to take the wholesome air, and of course lost the profit arising from the sale of his drugs."—"Poor man!" says she, "it is plain he could not live by the *air*, though his patients could."

THE late king being fond of old Whiston, celebrated for his various strictures on religion,

gion, happened to be walking with him one day in Hampton-Court gardens, during the heat of his persecution; as they were talking upon this subject, his majesty observed, That however right he might be in his opinions, it would be better if he kept them to himself. "Is your majesty really serious in your advice?" answered the old man. "I really am," replied the king. "Why then," says Whiston, "had Martin Luther been of your way of thinking, where would your majesty have been at this time?"

DOCTOR HOUGH, some time since Bishop of Worcester, who was as remarkable for the evenness of his temper, as for many other good qualities, having a great deal of company at his house, a gentleman present desired his lordship to shew him a curious weather-glass, that the bishop had lately purchased, and which cost him above thirty guineas; the servant was accordingly desired to bring it, who in delivering it to the gentleman, accidentally let it fall, and broke it all to pieces. The company were all a little deranged from this accident, but particularly the gentleman who asked to see it, and who was making many apologies for the accident. "Be under no concern, my dear Sir," says the bishop, smiling, "I think it is rather a lucky omen; we have hitherto had a dry season, and now, I hope, we shall have some

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rain;

rain; for I protest I do not remember ever to have seen the glass *so low* in my life."

THE late Lord Chesterfield, notwithstanding he was so much a man of wit, and of the world, was, until not many years before his death, well known to be a constant dupe to gaming; insomuch that he never went to a watering-place, that he had not a crowd of sharpers hovering about him. Being at Bath, some years since, he engaged at a billiard-match with the celebrated Charles Jones, which was no sooner known than the room was crowded with black-legged gentry, who betted in favour of Jones. The match continued for some time, in which my lord never turned a game, and in consequence lost considerably. Jones, who only played for a guinea himself, seeing this, and having been often patronized by his lordship, thought it a good opportunity to shew his gratitude, by declining the game, and telling his lordship the reason. "Well, well," says my lord, with great coolness, "admitting that to be true, if these gentlemen do me the honour to attend me from place to place, surely it is the least I can do to *support my attendants*."

A PERSON who had render'd himself obnoxious in trade, was told of some of his tricks by a merchant on 'Change; and being a little nettled at his reproaches, said,
"What!

“What! Sir, do you call me a rogue?”—
 “No, I don’t call you rogue,” says the merchant, “but I’ll give you ten guineas, if you’ll find any one here who will say you are an honest man.”

A LADY having married a husband of great good-nature, but a little deficient in point of understanding, was reproached by her brother-in-law, who told her in derision, that she had coupled herself to a fool. “So has my sister,” says she; “for no man of sense would endeavour to give any woman a mean opinion of her husband.”

ONE was saying that his great grand-father, grand-father, and father, all died at sea. Quoth another, who heard him, “If I were you, I would never go to sea.”—“Why,” said the other, “where did your great grand-father, grand-father, and father die?” He answered, “In their beds.”—“Then,” said the first, “if I were you, I would never go to bed.”

A GENTLEMAN in liquor, being taken into custody for riotous behaviour, by a constable of the night, began to expostulate with him; upon which the constable answered, “Sir, I am his majesty’s representative, and I shall *not regard remonstrances.*”

SOME years since, Mr. Foote dined at the Castle, at Salt-hill. When Partridge produced the bill, Foote thought it very exorbitant, and asked him his name. "Partridge, and please you," replied the host. "Partridge!" resumed Foote; "it should be Woodcock, by the length of your *bill*."

LORD CHATHAM making one at a party of whist, one of the gamesters, with a bitter oath, declared he had the *worst hand* in the company; a considerable bet was proposed, and agreed to by his lordship, that he *had a worse*; he then pulled off his glove, and shewed his *gouty hand*, when the company unanimously pronounced in his lordship's favour.

A LAWYER and his clerk riding on the road, the clerk desired to know what was the chief point of the law. His master said, if he would promise to pay for their suppers that night, he would tell him; which was agreed to. "Why then," said the master, "good witnesses are the chief point in law." When they came to the inn, the master bespoke a couple of fowls for supper; and when they had supped, told the clerk to pay for them according to agreement. "O Sir," says he, "where's your *witness*?"

A GENTLEMAN and his servant in a cold frosty morning riding through a river together,

gether, the gentleman's horse stumbled, and threw him into the water, and soon after fell to drinking; at which the man laughed heartily. "Sirrah," said the master, "do you laugh at me?"—"No, Sir," says the servant, "I don't laugh at you; but I laugh to think that your horse can't drink without a *toast* this cold morning."

A YOUNG student shewing the Museum at Oxford to a set of gentlemen and ladies, among other things produced a rusty sword: "This," says he, "gentlemen, is the sword with which Balaam was going to kill his ass." Upon which one of the company replied, "that he thought Balaam had no sword, but only wished for one."—"You are right," says the student, "and this is the very sword he wish'd for."

A GENTLEMAN having a very rich favour in his hat, several ladies seeing it had a liking to it, and would have got it, if they could, without begging: but one of them said to him, "Sir, you have a very fine favour in your hat."—"Pray, Madam," said he, "do you like it?"—"Yes, indeed, Sir," says she, "very well."—"Why," says he, "if you had not liked it, I would have thrown it into the fire immediately; but seeing that you do, I am resolved to keep it for your sake."

Two scholars passing by a windmill, stood for some time viewing it; the miller looking out of a little wicket, asked them what they would have, and what they stared at. "Why," says one of them, "we are looking at this thing; I pray, what is it?"—"Why," says the miller, "don't you see? Where are your eyes? It is a windmill."—"We crave your mercy, Sir," says the scholars, "we took it for a jail, seeing a thief look out of the window."

ONE of the mendicant friars in France, and his ass loaded with provisions he had collected, being crossing a ferry, the poor beast, with the weight of his load, and the coldness of the season, trembled and shook exceedingly. One in the boat, thinking to be witty, told the friar, his brother trembled. "Aye," says the friar, "if you had a cord round your neck, irons at your feet, and a man of my profession at your elbow, you would tremble too."

A CERTAIN vain, supercilious man of fashion, who went constantly to Bath once a year, told Quin one day very seriously, "I do believe," says he, "I am one of the most facetious fellows in the world; for I never go into any company, but I set them all a laughing."—"Are you sure," said Quin, "that they don't laugh at you, instead

stead of your *wit*."—"I don't care if they do," said he, "for I am pretty certain there is no man laughs at me, but I laugh at him again."—"Then," said Quin, "you lead the merriest life of any man in Europe."

AN old covetous gentleman died, and left his estate to a very extravagant son. This spark, as he was riding in his coach to Tunbridge, was angry with his coachman for not driving faster, and called to him, "You dog, rogue, if you do not make more haste, I will come out of my coach and kick you to the devil."—"If you do, Sir," says the fellow, "I'll tell your father how profusely you spend his estate."

ONE man asked another, how such a person lived, these hard times: To which he was answered, "By his wits."—"I wonder," says the other, "how he can live upon so small a stock."

FOOTE, some time ago, took a house at Hammer-smith, that was advertised to be *completely furnished*. But he had not been there long before the cook complained there was never a rolling-pin. "No," said he, "then bring me a saw, I'll soon make one." Which he accordingly did, of one of the mahogany bed-posts. The next day it was discovered there wanted a coal-scuttle; and he supplied
this

this deficiency with a drawer from a curious japan chest of drawers. There was never a carpet in the parlour, and he ordered a new white cotton counterpane to be laid to save the boards. His landlord paying him a visit, to enquire how he liked his new residence, was greatly astonished to find such disorder, as he considered it: he remonstrated to Mr. Foote, and complained of the injury his furniture had sustained; but the genius insisted upon it all the complaint was on his side, considering the trouble he had been at to supply those necessaries, notwithstanding he had advertised his house *compleatly furnished*. The landlord now threatened the law; and Foote threatened to take him off; saying, an auctioneer was a fruitful character. This last consideration weighed with the landlord, and he quietly put up with his loss.

Two gentlemen of opposite political principles, debating a few evenings ago, at a coffee-house, on public affairs, one of them, in the heat of patriotic ardour, told his antagonist, that so great were the blunders of administration, and so wicked in general their conduct, that he was surprized *the stones of the street did not rise up against them*. "I should be quite of your opinion, Sir," replied a by-stander, "did I not consider they are all *Scotch pavement*."

Mr.

Mr. OGLE being at Locket's ordinary, was playing at Hazard with a great many lords, when he had very good luck among them: he therefore ordered the porter to go up and down the streets, and bring to him as many poor people as he could get; who in a little time brought in upwards of an hundred beggars; whereupon Ogle ordered them a shilling a piece, in meat and drink. By the time they had made an end of their allowance, Mr. Ogle had broke all the persons of quality, discharging the reckoning, and giving the poor people sixpence each besides. As he was going into Spring-Gardens, he met the Duke of Monmouth, who asked him where he had been. "Been!" said Ogle, "I have been fulfilling the Scripture."—"I believe," quoth the duke, "you know nothing about it."—"No matter for that," replied Ogle; "but I have filled the hungry with good things, and the rich I have sent empty away."

COUNSELLOR C— being obliged to ask pardon of the House of Commons, upon his knees; when he got up, brushed his knees, saying, "I never was in so *dirty* a house in my life."

A GENTLEMAN and two ladies, being out pretty late in London, and not able to get a hackney-coach, prevailed with a gentleman's coachman to take them home in his master's chariot,

chariot, who, hearing them very merry, frequently stopped, and bid them take care of the glass; at which the gentleman within said, "Don't be so uneasy, friend, we have rode in a chariot before now."—"That I don't doubt," says the fellow, "but I believe 'tis a good while since."

AN old lawyer having his eye upon a pretty girl, came and proposed his business; which the maid not relishing, asked him who he was. "I am, sweetheart," says he, "a civil lawyer."—"Sir," says she, "if *civil* lawyers are so *uncivil*, I wonder what *other* lawyers are."

A PURITAN coming to a cheesemonger's shop to buy cheese, when he gave him one to taste, put his hat before his eyes to say grace. "Nay," said the cheesemonger, taking it away again, "instead of tasting, I am afraid you intend to make a meal."

A GENTLEMAN who had a numerous family, observing once at a table, that thank God he could digest any thing; another asked him how he digested his ten children. "O, Sir," replied the gentleman, "I bring them up."

ALONSO of Arragon used to say, in commendation of age, that age appeared best in
four

four things; old wood to burn, old wine to drink, old friends to meet, and old authors to read.

A GRACELESS son asked his mother, who was pretty ancient, What she did out of her grave so long. "I wait to read your dying-speech," answered the poor woman.

A WOMAN asking her husband some questions, amongst the rest, asked him, How many women he had kissed since he had been her husband. "Why, truly wife, to be plain with you, if we had as many penny loaves as I have kissed women, since you have been my wife, we should have as much bread as would last us these seven years. But now, wife," says he, "since I have been so ingenuous to tell you, pray be so kind as to let me know how many men have kissed you, since we were first married?"—"Why, husband, in short, then, if we had as many cheeses as men have kissed me, since I have been your wife, we should have two cheeses to one loaf."

A POOR beggar, whom the sun had turned black with it's heat, came to a rich citizen to beg his alms; to whom the citizen said, "I pray get thee hence from me, for you look as if you were come from hell." The beggar seeing that he could get nothing, answered,

M

"Yes,

"Yes, Sir, I came from hell, indeed."—"Why didst not thou stay there still?" says the citizen. "Marry, Sir," quoth the beggar, "there is no room for poor beggars like me, it's all kept for such misers as you are."

A GALLANT, that made courtship to a virtuous young lady, when he used to confirm any thing, would always swear by his soul it was true; and one time, as he was avouching somewhat with his usual oath, she said to him, "Sir, when you come again, pray bring another pawn, for your soul is forfeited."

Mr. VANSITTART, a gentleman of character and fortune, being subpoenaed to trial at Oxford, Mr. Bearcroft, one of the counsel, indulging himself in what he thought a vein of pleasantry, (a common mistake among the wits at the bar) observed, That as the name of *Vansittart* was so long, and so strange a name to repeat, he hoped he should be excused in abridging it, and only using the first syllable, *Van*. Assuming this licence, in the course of a long speech, Mr. Bearcroft, whenever he had occasion to introduce Mr. Vansittart, never went farther than *Van*, in which he was supported by the laugh of all the small wits about the court. Mr. Vansittart, who was present, and who had too great a contempt for this species of bar humour to be hurt at it, took no other notice than, when
coming

coming to give his evidence, thus addressing the court—"My lord, as the learned counsel near me has been permitted to abridge my name, I shall hope for a similar indulgence; therefore, instead of *Bearcroft*, I hope he will be sufficiently known to all this court, when I mention the word *Bear*."

A YOUNG fellow who had more fortune than wit, being at dinner at the house of a gentleman of distinction; a young lady present was taken with a fainting-fit, and while every body hastened to her assistance, some with smelling-bottles, and some with other helps, proper on such occasions; says the spark, with a sneer, "There is no great danger, I suppose it is only a breeding qualm."—"Sir," says a gentleman that sat near him, with a severe tone, "the lady is a sister of mine, and has been a widow these two years."----"Pardon me," replied the spark, who did not extremely like his looks, and was willing to palliate the offence; "she looks so young, and so innocent, that I really took her for a *maid*."

A GENTLEMAN, whose affairs required a temporary residence in St. George's Fields, being brought up under a *Habeas Corpus*, to give evidence on a trial at Westminster Hall, was asked, sneeringly, by Counsellor Dunning, on his examination, whether he was

not a King's Bench collegian. "I am, Sir," replied the gentleman; and had flattered myself that I should, by residing there, have avoided the impertinences of *Dunning*.

A FAT rosy parson, asking a countryman, one day, how many gods he believed there were. "I believe," said the countryman, "that there is no more than one God, and that he is extremely ill served by you churchmen, who call yourselves his *ministers*."

With Puns, Bon Mots, and Repartees,
In humble prose, I've strove to please
All lovers of true wit;
Proceed---and you will find, in verse,
The Comic Muse such Jokes rehearse
Must ev'ry fancy hit.





A

MISCELLANEOUS COLLECTION

o r

Epigrams, Tales, Epitaphs, Fables, &c.

On Wit.

TRUE wit is like the brilliant stone,
Dug from the Indian mine;
Which boasts two various powers in one,
To cut as well as shine:
Genius, like that, if polish'd right,
With the same gift abounds;
Appears at once both keen and bright,
And sparkles while it wounds.

On Treason.

Treason does never prosper; what's the reason?
Why, if it prospers, none dare call it treason.

On Repentance.

'Tis not to cry out mercy, or to sit
And droop, or to confess that thou hast fail'd;
'Tis to bewail the sins thou didst commit,
And not commit those sins thou hast bewail'd.
He that bewails, and not forsakes them too,
Confesses, rather, what he means to do.

On the Loss of Time.

Ticio stands gazing for the clouded sun,
 To be inform'd how fast his hours shall run,
 Ah! foolish Ticio, art thou sound in mind,
 To lose by seeking, what thou seek'st to find?

On the Marriage of an Old Maid.

Celia, a coquet in her prime,
 The vainest, ficklest thing alive,
 (Behold the strange effects of time!)
 Marries, and doats at forty-five:
 Thus weather-cocks, which, for a while,
 Have turn'd about with ev'ry blast;
 Grown old, and destitute of oil,
 Rust to a point, and fix at last.

On an old Woman who wore False Hair.

The golden hair that Galla wears,
 Is her's, who would have thought it?
 She swears 'tis her's—and true she swears;
 For I know where she bought it.

On seeing a disagreeable Woman with Patches on her Face.

Your homely face, Flippanta, you disguise
 With patches numerous as Argus' eyes:
 I own that patching's requisite for you,
 For more we're pleas'd if less your face we view;
 Yet I advise, if my advice you ask,
 Wear but one patch, and be that patch a mask.

Epigram.

Epigram. By Dean Swift.

As Thomas was cudgell'd one day by his wife,
 He took to his heels, and ran for his life.
 Tom's three dearest friends came by in the squabble,
 And screen'd him at once from the shrew and the rabble;
 Then ventur'd to give him some wholesome advice;
 But Tom is a fellow of honour so nice,
 Too proud to take counsel, too wise to take warning,
 He sent to all three a challenge next morning.
 He fought with all three, thrice ventur'd his life,
 Then went home again, and was thrash'd by his wife.

The Friendship of Sir Edward ———

Thus with kind words, Sir Edward chear'd his friend:
 Dear Dick! thou on my friendship may'st depend;
 I know thy fortune is but very scant,
 But, be assur'd, I'll ne'er see thee in want.
 Dick soon confin'd—His friend, no doubt wou'd free him—
 His word he kept—in want he ne'er wou'd see him.

On the Death of Voltaire.

Tho' heav'nly justice may be blind
 And tardy, still it flows:
 Voltaire, who poison'd all mankind,
 His death to poison owes.

Venus

Venus mistaken. By Mr. Prior.

When Chloe's picture was to Venus shown,
 Surpriz'd, the goddess took it for her own;
 And what, said she, does this bold painter mean?
 When was I bathing thus, and naked seen?
 Pleas'd Cupid heard, and check'd his mother's
 pride;
 And whose blind now, mamma! the urchin
 cry'd:
 'Tis Chloe's eye, and cheek, and lip, and breast;
 Friend Howard's genius fancy'd all the rest.

On a Company of bad Dancers to good Music.

How ill the motion with the music suits!
 So Orpheus fiddled, and so danc'd the brutes.

On a Window in a Room in the Tower of London, is wrote R. WALPOLE, 1712. Underneath it are the following Lines:

Good unexpected, evil unforeseen,
 Appear by turns, as fortune shifts the scene;
 Some rais'd aloft, come tumbling down amain,
 And fall so hard, they bound, and rise again.

On an empty Coxcomb.

You beat your pate, and fancy wit will come;
 Knock as you please, there's nobody at home.

On a Grave-stone in Cirencester Church-yard.

Death takes the good, too good on earth to stay,
 And leaves the bad, too bad to take away.

On a Gentleman who died a Day after his Lady.
She first departed, he for one day try'd
To live without her, lik'd it not, and dy'd.

On my Neighbour Thomas and his Spouse.
When Thomas calls his wife his half,
I like the fellow's whim ;
For why ? She horns him, so the jilt
Belongs but half to him.

The Advantage of having two Physicians.
One prompt physician like a sculler plies,
And all his art, and all his skill applies ;
But two physicians, like a pair of oars,
Convey you sooner to the Stygian shores.

Inscription on a Clock in Yorkshire.
I serve thee here, with all my might,
To tell the hours by day, by night ;
Therefore example take by me,
And serve thy God as I serve thee.

On a pretty Lady of ill Temper.
Did Celia's person and her mind agree,
What mortal cou'd behold her and be free !
But nature has, in pity to mankind,
Enrich'd the image, and defac'd the mind.

The Folly of Love.
Did love, like agues, ever intermit ;
How should we blush, in absence of the fit !

A smart

A smart Repartee.

Cries Sylvia, to a reverend dean,
 What reason can be given,
 (Since marriage is a holy thing)
 That there are none in heaven?
 There are no women, he reply'd!—
 She quick returns the jest;
 Women there are, but I'm afraid
 They cannot find a priest.

A Compliment to the Gentlemen.

Women have many faults,
 Poor men have only two:
 There's nothing good they say;
 There's nothing good they do.

*To the Dean of L——d, on his observing that
 the Men of this Age are averse to Matrimony.*

By a young Lady.

You tell us, with a serious air,
 What we without a sigh can hear:
 You say your sex no longer deign
 To pay their vows at Hymen's fane;
 E'en let them take their final leave,
 For little cause have we to grieve;
 What does our sex by marriage gain?
 A plenteous share of care and pain.
 Soon as we give our hand away,
 And utter that dread word *obey*,
 Fair Freedom instant takes it's flight;
 We bid adieu to each delight:

For,

For, tho' we chance to wed a fool,
 As husband, he'll expect to rule;
 Will think he's sense enough to guide;
 For all men have their share of pride.
 Good-nature and good sense are seen
 But seldom to unite in men:
 In some I own, some few they join;
 In thee conspicuously they shine!
 But, of mankind, how small a part
 Possess so good, so great a heart!
 The nymph who in love's lott'ry tries,
 Stands a poor chance---to gain a prize;
 The best, when got, alas! how small!
 Though for that prize we hazard all.

On an Undertaker.

Subdu'd by Death, here Death's great herald
 lies,
 And adds a trophy to his victories;
 Yet sure he was prepared who, while he'd breath,
 Made it his business still to *look for* Death.

On Timothy Mum, a Tapster.

Here Tim the tapster lies, who drew good beer,
 But now, drawn to his end, he draws no more:
 Yet, still he draws from ev'ry friend a tear,
 Water he draws, who drew good beer before.

On a bad Poet.

Thy verses are eternal, O my friend!
 For he who reads them, reads them to *no end*.

A Country

A Country Quarter-Sessions.

Three or four parsons, three or four 'squires,
 Three or four lawyers, three or four lyars :
 Three or four parishes bringing appeals,
 Three or four hands, and three or four seals :
 Three or four bastards, three or four whores,
 Tag, rag, and bog-tail, three or four scores ;
 Three or four bulls, three or four cōws,
 Three or four orders, three or four bows ;
 Three or four statutes, (not understood)
 Three or four paupers praying for food ;
 Three or four roads that never were mended,
 Three or four scolds---and the sessions is ended.

On being expelled a Lady's Company.

Thus Adam look'd, when from the garden driv'n,
 And thus disputed orders sent from heav'n ;
 Like him I go, tho' to depart I'm loth ;
 Like him I go, for angel drive us both.
 Hard was his fate, but mine still more unkind,
 His Eve went with him, but mine stays behind.

Humble Wish. By a Young Lady.

I ask not wit, nor beauty do I crave,
 Nor wealth nor pompous titles wish to have ;
 But since 'tis doom'd, thro' all degrees of life,
 Whether a daughter, sister, or a wife,
 That females should the stronger males obey,
 And yield implicit to their lordly sway ;
 Since this, I say, 'is ev'ry woman's fate,
 Give me a mind to suit my slavish state.

An